

POETS *and* ARTISTS

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Howard Tullman & His Art Collection

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

SIMON HENNESSEY

COLLIN KELLEY

TAMARA MULLER

JOSHUA SUDA

ANSELM BERRIGAN

MARY CAROL KENNEY

RON ANDROLA

ADAM VINSON

REGINA DIPERNA

MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

ERIKA MOYA

DANIEL OCHOA

DEREK MCGOWAN

TIM OKAMURA

and more



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poets and artists

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- | | |
|-----|---------------------------|
| 4 | SIMON HENNESSEY |
| 14 | COLLIN KELLEY |
| 16 | TAMARA MULLER |
| 24 | JOSHUA SUDA |
| 31 | ANSELM BERRIGAN |
| 35 | MARY CAROL KENNEY |
| 54 | RON ANDROLA |
| 58 | ADAM VINSON |
| 67 | REGINA DIPERNA |
| 68 | MARY ELLEN JOHNSON |
| 78 | ERIKA MOYA |
| 84 | DANIEL OCHOA |
| 92 | DEREK MCGOWAN |
| 98 | TIM OKAMURA |
| 108 | ALYSSA MONKS |
| 110 | TONY PRO |
| 112 | ALEXANDRA TYNG |
| 114 | BETH EDWARDS |
| 116 | ANDREI GURUIANU |

- 118 JENNIFER WILDERMUTH**
120 MIRO SINOVICIC
122 JEREMY BAUM
124 DREW ERNST
126 JEAN-NOËL DELETTRE
128 RICHARD J. FROST

art review

- 79 STEPHEN DOUGLAS**

on the cover

**Howard A.
Tullman**
42





www.simonhennessey.co.uk



Shades Chic acrylic on board 84 x 122 cm

Simon Hennessey

Simon graduated with a First Class (Hons) degree Fine Art in 2003, and works from his home Studio in Birmingham, UK. He has shown at numerous galleries and exhibitions in the UK and his work is featured in collections throughout Europe and USA.

It was a recommendation to visit the Plus One gallery in London by the pioneering photorealist artist John Salt that helped Simon become part of their portfolio of gallery artists. Since joining the gallery Simon's work is regularly shown in Group shows and to date he's had one solo exhibition with his next one scheduled for late 2011.

Simon is currently dedicated to producing work for a more imminent event - a major group portrait exhibition with several BP portrait winners; this is due to take place at The Plus One Gallery in March 2011. He also features in the recently published book *Exactitude: Hyper Realist Art Today*.



Q&A SIMON HENNESSEY

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

I have quite a strict work ritual lately for my new paintings. It begins with the photography and a sitting or a chance meeting with a person, most are quite spontaneous with not much preplanning, I tend to snap away and get loads more images than I need just to be certain there's something useable. I then go back to my computer and manipulate the images until they are almost unrecognizable from the original source photos that I took.

I then use a multi media projector connected to my computer and beam the images onto a white wall. This way I can visually get an accurate idea of how they will

look enlarged as a painting, some images work better than others when their scale is increased, this also gives me a very accurate way of measuring the size of the final image so I can get the canvas made to measure. Once I have the canvas I sand the surface to make it as smooth as possible, which for me this adds to the photographic illusion I am trying to create. Its then the process of projecting the image onto the surface and drawing it out begins, followed by the whole painting process.

Throughout time artists have been recognized by one signature painting. Davinci had Mona Lisa's smile. Monet had water lilies. Gauguin had Tahiti. Fischel had



Battle of the Sexes acrylic on canvas 100 x 274 cm

original source image © Katanaz- stock.deviantart.com

the boy in the inflatable pool. What will yours be and why?

That's a tough question as I don't think it's the artist who decides on their own signature painting, it's the viewers that form that opinion. I don't consider any one of my paintings as a stand alone signature piece, I believe I do have a signature style and content that's instantly recognizable as a Simon Hennessey. If I had to choose a painting that's had the most impact for me so far then that painting would have to be 'Blond Hair Blue eyed innocence'. This is because it was the first large painting I created and seeing it hanging in the gallery space really made me take notice of how people reacted to scale and size.

What is your hidden talent?

I'm still searching for it!

What medium have you not used in the past that you may wish to try out?

I adore the work of Ron Mueck, and I would at some stage like to try my hand at a 3D hyper real sculpture similar to how he creates them. I'm not sure of the process involved so that's something I would have to learn. For me its all about illusion and deceiving the human eye and hyper real paintings and sculptures are the definition of this.

How does your family life come into play with your artistic life?



The Duality of Lord Archer acrylic on canvas 170 x 140 cm



Luminosity acrylic on canvas 150 x 200 cm

My family and friends play an important role in my art and show a very keen interest in what I'm doing, they regularly come along to private views and get involved in the whole art scene. They also keep me grounded and allow me to get away from art when I need to have my mind taken away from it and get back to reality. I also appreciate their honesty when I'm mid way through a painting as often family and friends can be my most harsh critics!

Working from a home studio enables me all the comforts of what a home has to offer, regularly family members will pop into my studio to see what I am creating and ask questions, mostly who the person is that I'm painting! I have also used various family members in my paintings and have more planned for future pieces.

What supplies must you have in your studio before you start any new piece?

I always make sure I am fully stocked up with everything I need to complete the painting, this

saves on time later on if for any reason I run out of a product and have to purchase more online and wait for delivery. These include, a bespoke canvas made to measure, various colour acrylic paints, lots of water colour pencils that I seem to be endlessly purchasing, varnish and a special product I use for my isolation/sealing in layers. Also plenty of bottles of water and nibbles, we all need feeding and watering to keep the concentration levels up!

Finish this sentence: In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with the following artists...

... Chuck Close, Ron Mueck, Don Eddy, Bertrand Menial, Raphaella Spence, Ralph Goings, Glenn Brown, Luciano Ventrone. These are artists I admire and get inspired by at this moment in time, they're all still alive and creating great art and I've had the opportunity to see their work first hand and in reality. They have all had some lasting impression on me.





Enigmatic Gaze oil on board 140 x 50 cm



Blond Hair, Blue Eyed Innocence acrylic on canvas 150 x 200 cm

“My paintings are often referred to as a direct reflection of reality, but in truth my artwork is in fact an abstraction of reality.

I use the camera as a visual source for my paintings as there are certain qualities that are produced by a camera that do not exist in our real world – and it’s capturing and painting these unique elements that intrigue me as an artist. The camera’s lens generates a world of distortion in the basics of our reality. Such as the manipulation of focus, tonality, color, depth and focal points, as a result I feel it presents us with a false sense of reality: or a hyper reality.

My paintings refer to identity, individuality, appearance and visual attitude. This is exposed through the process of physiognomy, the theory based upon the concept that the study and act of judging a person’s outer appearance, primarily the face, will give an insight into their personality or character. I add to the process of physiognomy through censorship and never giving the viewer the full content of the image. I regularly desaturate color, crop, neutralize backgrounds or use a close focal point to present us with a distorted representation of an identity, therefore adding to this false sense of reality.”



Close Up and Personal

acrylic on canvas
130 x 200 cm

Original source image
© Kornilov



SIMON HENNESSEY

Introspective: *Close Up and Personal*

Close Up and Personal has been my most challenging and rewarding painting to date with regard to the emotional attachment that was formed through the actual process of painting. To say this relationship was turbulent is an understatement, it became a love/hate relationship between me and the painting. About a week into working on it I nearly painted over it - as in my eyes it wasn't going well at all! It was the amount of detail that was incorporated into parts of the image that really pushed me as a painter, and it became my obsession to try and capture this as accurately as possible.

After beginning this painting I took some time off and visited NYC, I ended up seeing so much outstanding art and I met so many great artists that when I returned I had a new hunger and passion for this painting and it couldn't have been timed better.

Also due to the large size of the canvas I needed to rotate the painting so I could comfortably continue painting it, however in doing so I found the image worked just as well visually when rotated...It was a happy accident.

An Excerpt from *Conquering Venus*
by Collin Kelley

I
The Dreaming

Martin sat at a dressing table in the Metropole hotel on London's Edgware Road. He was twenty-two that year, but looked older. Tiny lines were forming around his eyes, while closer inspection revealed the beginning of a furrow in his brow. His skin was unblemished and pale, like so many blondes, eyes large and blue. Not fat or thin, just in between. When people noticed the tattoo there was a momentary pause, a summing up of character, a re-assessment. They would notice he wore all black, that his eyes were often hidden behind bangs, that he spoke with a calm, detached voice. But their gaze would eventually flicker back to his left hand. Peter had the same tattoo when he was alive; inked in the same spot on the same day as Martin's, when they decided they were familiars. At his parents' insistence, the mortician covered Peter's tattoo with make-up, so that when his hands were crossed over his heart in the long coffin, it would be as if those dark lines never existed. As if Martin never existed.

Earlier in the evening, Martin went downstairs to the large indoor swimming pool. He lost his way in the maze of hallways, and then emerged into a glass corridor that overlooked the pool below. He saw David McLaren alone in the pool doing laps. David was eighteen, athletic, tan and aware of his looks. When David began his backstroke, he caught a glimpse of Martin looking down at him and felt a chill pass through him in the warm water. Like the first time they met, like he had suddenly caught his breath. But Martin did not see this moment of panic, for he was in the elevator, filled with both a dread and excitement he had not felt in years. When Martin came into the poolroom, David swam to the edge and smiled up at him.

"Why don't you come in?" David asked.

"No, we have to be ready for dinner in an hour," Martin said.

"Stop playing chaperone. Leave that to Lady Diane. Loosen up."

David climbed out of the pool. The water ran down his lithe body, making his bathing suit cling to his narrow hips. David stood there running his hands through his wet, dark hair. Martin and David stared at each other. They had been in similar situations before, when something unspoken was palpable, a

third person whispering, but the words were unclear.

"Let me make you as wet as I am," David said opening his arm, water glistening.

Too late for that, Martin thought, sidestepping David, who laughed as he grabbed a towel and walked toward the changing room.

Back in his room, Martin remembered the evening four months ago that Diane Jacobs, his best friend, called and said she had been asked by her principal to fill in as chaperone for a group of students from the high school where she taught English on their graduation trip abroad. *We need another chaperone*, she said, *I can finagle it so you can go*. She badgered him into saying yes – *it's cheap and we'll be there for over three weeks and they swore to God the hotels would be decent* – and, after relenting, he went to bed and the woman, whose name he could almost recall, made her first appearance.

Martin sat at the mirror, as if in a trance, and for the third time since he arrived in London, he could see her in the reflection, as if the glass did not exist. There were dark circles around her eyes, highlighted by her pale skin, and she wore her hair pulled back away from her face. The hands, in which she cradled her chin, showed her true age, and there was the tattoo...

There was a knock on the door. Both Martin and the woman in the mirror turned to acknowledge it. For a moment, Martin stared at the door.

"I'm coming. Just a second."

Martin stood up and moved toward the door. He took a deep breath and went out into the hallway where Diane, David and the others were waiting.

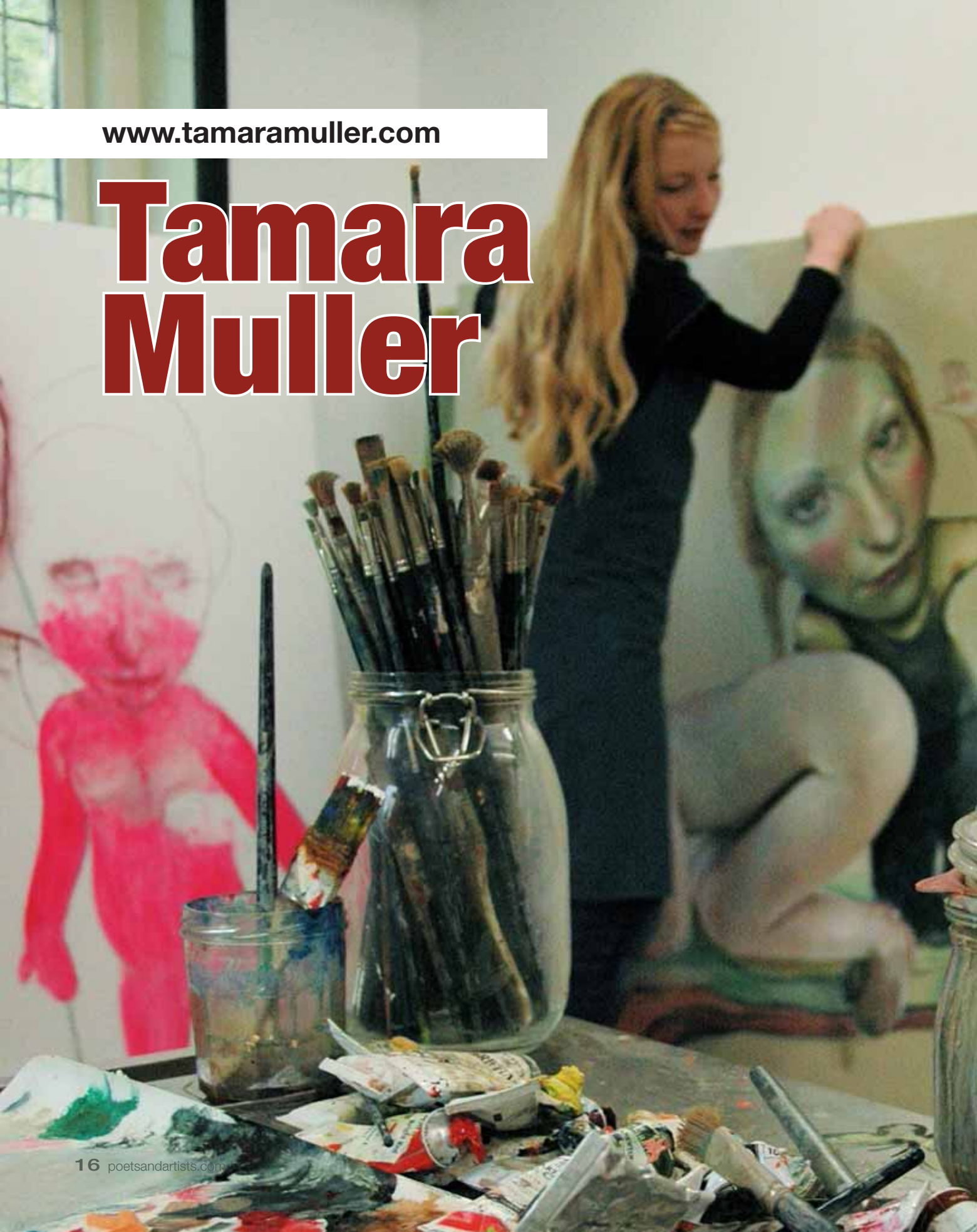
In the mirror, the woman turned back to look at herself, unsure of what she had heard or where it came from. Her trance broken, yet feeling that something was in motion, the fluidity of time and space. She reached out and put her palm against the mirror. Over her shoulder, the reflection of her own city, its distant cacophony of traffic and voices like a second heartbeat slightly out of sync. There was a name on the tip of her tongue, had been for months, and an image becoming clearer by the moment. She tapped on the glass, intoning the mantra she used in place of the name that only came to her in dreams, sending it like a beacon into the unknown: *Paris, Paris, Paris*.

COLLIN KELLEY is the author of the novel, *Conquering Venus* (2009, Vanilla Heart Publishing), and three poetry collections, *After the Poison*, *Slow To Burn* and *Better To Travel*. Kelley, a Georgia Author of the Year Award-winner and Pushcart Prize nominee, is co-editor of the *Java Monkey Speaks Poetry Anthology* series from Poetry Atlanta Press, and his work has been published in literary journals and magazines around the world.

www.collinkelley.com.

www.tamaramuller.com

Tamara Muller



TAMARA MULLER (1975, The Netherlands) grew up as the youngest daughter of two painters. At home surrounded by erotic art she has been making drawings, paintings and photographs since early childhood. She graduated at the Royal Academy of Art in The Hague (NL), and started an active exhibition career at galleries and museums. She obtained her Master's of Fine Art degree at Post St. Joost in Breda/Den Bosch (NL), developing also as a performance/ video artist. Her studio at home is in Bloemendaal, a village not far from Amsterdam and the sea, where she lives together with Bram and their daughter Mia. Among exhibitions in the past were a solo show 'In between' at Ginza's Art & Concept Laboratory in Tokyo and a group show 'about a hunter, a girl and a wolf' in Museum of Modern Art in Arnhem (NL), both in 2008. Her work is in collections of the Drents Museum (Assen, NL) and the Museum of Figurative Art 'De Buitenplaats' (Eelde, NL), which printed a monograph about it in 2005. The paintings of Tamara Muller were presented at art-fairs in Amsterdam, Dublin, Tokyo, New York and Miami.

Photographer of paintings: Mirko Reinecke



Untitled oil on canvas 50 x 70 cm





Chapter 2 acrylic/oil on canvas 190cm x 200 cm

Q&A TAMARA MULLER

Where do you find your inspiration?

Everywhere: in books, movies, the theatre, music, in newspapers, and in my own life and in the life of my family. I get inspired by things that make you want to close your eyes and at the same time give you the urge to watch. Only beautiful or just plain awful is not enough, it should be both at the same time. Just as life itself.

What are you working on next?

I am taking time to concentrate on a series of new oil paintings. At the same time I am doing something I have never done before; making some alterations on a few recent paintings that already have been exhibited.

What is your hidden talent?



from the series: **Beasts** acrylic/oil on canvas 150cm x150 cm

I do not know... maybe being a good mother. When I am not painting, most of the time I am taking care of our two year old daughter Mia. I love her enormously. It's breathtaking being a mother, it brings the greatest of joy and the greatest of fear. But that is not really a hidden talent, is it?

Has your art inspired a poem?

A textwriter Piet Boogaards once wrote the following lines as introduction of a text about my

work (Chapter-series). I am not sure if he considers it to be a poem. The original is in dutch, I translated it to english. *She is the beloved. She is the lover. She is the diva. She is the tramp. She reveals herself. She dresses as a girl in school uniform. She is nobody. She is everybody.*

What medium have you not used in the past that you may wish to try out?

I would like to do drawings on paper.



Deleted scenes 2 acrylic/oil on canvas 100cm x100cm



Explain your process.

First I think about what I want to do and make sketches. I start making photographs of myself. Sometimes I turn a picture into a collage. After that I start painting on canvas and use my photographs, sketches, and other pictures I have collected. The first layer is painted in acrylic and the next layers are oil (translucent for the most part). Now and then I start straight with oil. Sometimes I stay close to the initial idea, sometimes the painting develops into something completely different. I always work on several paintings simultaneously. It takes a painting days to dry therefore working on several paintings in parallel forces me to always be busy. Besides, if I work on several paintings together, I can produce a series of paintings in its entirety.

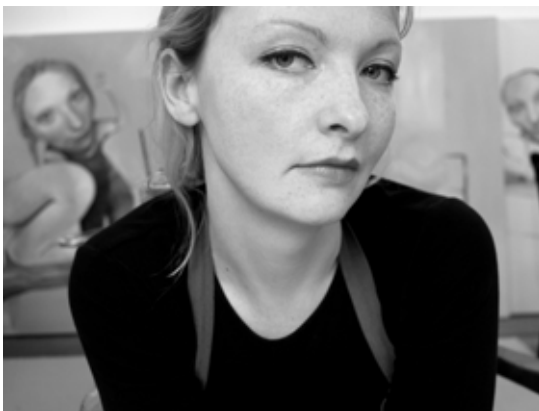


Detail / Scene 1: *Rainforest* acrylic/oil on canvas

“The protagonist in my paintings is modelled on me. She plays a role—man, animal, woman, child or puppet—engaged in an ambiguous game to create a delicate and destabilizing balance of opposites. I want to tempt the viewer with an ambivalent image, one which is seductive and yet at the same time disturbing. No coherent stories, but riddles without solutions.”



Scene 5: A Toilet oil on canvas 100 cm x100 cm collection Drents Museum



TAMARA MULLER

Introspective:

The most challenging painting to paint for me is probably not the most rewarding one for me in the end. Often the most rewarding paintings are the easiest to paint. I get a new idea of which the essence is very clear in my head before I start to paint. I know what I want, I paint, and it works! Some of these paintings are the source of new series. Like a girl suckling on her fingers in 2004. The painting 'a toilet' (2009) might be such a piece for some work in the future. I like the way background and subject are intertwined, and the use of the lines as if in a drawing. Most challenging are the paintings that are difficult from the beginning: an obsessive struggle to get it right. Sometimes a detail of such a painting can be very rewarding and could be a inspiration for a new series of work.

Joshua Suda

www.thebroadstreetstudio.com/josh.html

“It’s simple,
all I am trying
to do is to
create
something
visually
interesting
with paint.
Sometimes I
succeed.”

b.1978 SUDA subtly seduces his audience with his play between ultra-photorealistic representation and haunting, or sometimes humorous, fiction. This play invites onlookers to participate in an intimate dialogue with his paintings, pushing us to question the boundaries between art and “real” life. Suda’s exceptional technical virtuosity blends meticulously with a shot of finely tuned imagination. In this way, his paintings seem to constantly refer to, yet firmly reject, the Renaissance ideal of painting’s role as a “window” into another world. Half-hidden faces break unexpectedly into the viewer’s space, and painted models pose behind painted frames encased in yet another frame. Playful and poignant, Joshua Suda’s work uses precise technical proficiency as a vehicle to coax and twist reality into something provocatively original.

Suda’s work has been shown nation wide from New York City to L.A. California also his work has appeared in numerous publications through out the U.S.. He is a founding member of the Broad Street Studio and is represented by the Skotia Gallery in Santa Fe NM and the Principle Gallery in Alexandria VA.

Note: first paragraph taken from the Skotia Gallery website. <http://www.skotiagallery.com/joshua-suda-bio.php>



With Other Eyes oil on panel 8" x 10"









Q&A JOSHUA SUDA

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

Yes, I like to take a day and just think. About half way through that day and after a whole lot of coffee I say to my self, "What the hell I am I going to do?" Now in a panic of not having a project to replace the previous finished work, the ideas past and present start to flow. At this point I am on the horn calling my models. If I can't line up something immediately with the them my Old Man (my father) lives a block and a half down the street. If I can't hoax him into sitting for a couple shots with my camera he normally has his friends over around 3 PM for a few beers. This is when things are starting to become desperate. So maybe I will hang around my Old man and his friends, have a few beers myself and try to persuade one of my fathers friends to sit. This is not a easy task. If no dice there, I'm running out of options. Regardless of how this all pans out, I eventually get the shots I need to start my new work. I don't know if this is much of a ritual but it is starting to feel like one at this point.

How does your family life come into play with your artistic life?

My family has had a great influence on my artistic life. Without their support I don't think I could have achieved and continue to archive. Outside of support from family it's the environment that was provided to me in my formative years that comes into play. It's the little things that had a big impact on my work: A trip to see Wyeth's *Helga* collection, book of Salvador Dali paintings given to me by my aunt for a Christmas gift, the cover art of my parents record collection, the basement studio I had. You might be able to see some the influences of my past in the work I do today.

What supplies must you have in your studio before you start any new piece?

Outside of paint and brushes, coffee and a radio. I'm a talk radio and caffeine junkie.

Davinci will be remembered for the Mona Lisa. What will be your signature painting?

Well I hope I haven't created my *Mona Lisa* yet, but as it stands today I am probably best known for my "peeper paintings." These paintings consist of faces peering out from behind torn cardboard, mat board, paper – executed in a tromp l'oeil style. I have been doing a lot of these for for some time now and my collectors love them.

Finish this sentence: In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with the following artists...

Brian Martin and Jason John from The Broad Street Studio, Odd Nerdrum, Dali, David Lynch, Quentin Tarantino, Banjo Sanches, Dr. Seuss.



No. 12 oil on panel 5" x 7"



Eye at 57's oil on panel 5" x 7"

Introspective:

The work that has, or should I say, will provide the most challenges and rewards personally would probably be my next piece and the piece after that, it's the blank canvas. Every new work has it's challenges, rewards and lots of questions at the start of the piece. It is through experience persistence and some frustration that the work will meet some resolve. This resolve will come though in the form of enlightenment, trial and error, unsolicited comments by visitors aka The Old Man and sometime resolve comes by busting the work over your knee. Sometime the destructive part of the resolve isn't pretty, but the reward lies in knowing what didn't work, Not having to work on a piece that is keeping you up at night and the thrill of proving your self to your self on your next piece.

Anselm Berrigan

Anselm Berrigan's most recent book of poems is *Free Cell*, published last fall by City Lights. Other books include *Zero Star Hotel* and *Some Notes on My Programming*, from Edge Books. An odd assortment of writings on this that or the other thing can be found here: poetryfoundation.org/harriet/author/aberrigan/. A collection of readings and a radio interview for Ceptuetics can be found here: <http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/Berrigan-Anselm.php>. A former messenger, copy machine operator, receptionist, and proofreader, Berrigan currently teaches at the schools that will have him.

from Notes on Irrelevance

Armed with an early
termination fee, a
delusion with regards
to neither denying nor
being of the past, a lazy
fly to center, a trans-
cription of a stain on
the soul of the off-looker,
armless, disregarding
the mediated affect of
trees and their privileged
iterations of objective
fallacy in the face
of impassive pre-game
nihilisms tuned to talk's
vanishing outline, I came,
having been given visual
evidence of the life I
was meant to lead. I returned
to writing in a black and
white sketchbook in the
neighborhood where I grew
down to be this writing in
accepted denial of biography's
tension with anything less

than total capacity for
kindness on the outside, the
surfaces, the skating conditions
across a version of the present.
But for living only in passing
in the so-called country I
would kill all its insect life. I
would. I would do it without spite
or resignation. As brief sojourns
go, may their bursting skins
precede them with unforced
looking. I make no attempt
to grasp time, nor will I shake
off being stranded in its
projected memory, confronted
as if in a rush by a figure returned
from burial, reminded of an
alternate family through its
partition, moving as cheap
matter through the known
angles of a vast city fighting
its own rulers for the right
to generate surprise. It is
becoming probable that my
kindness in outward manner

is a conceit punishing this ability to understand. It's more likely I'm not bent back far enough to cast a glance your way. Sweat is my sweetest snare of vulnerability. One drifts out of recognition while the body pushes another body from shade to shade. Have A Happy! A Swisher's moment of success drives a yes out the bar to brood merrily over a tone. Then someone doubles and anticipation's back on the table. As forevers go, the rock down is remotely bearable in terms of cosmic war and beefy adaptations of minor scrums in tight-winged halo jobs. The working folk are feeling the economy read itself out of various long standing arrangements, conjunctions need not apply. But I'm not feeling my compartments, given the evil creatures that inhabit their locks. Insert transcription of New York Post here. Fondle inappropriate middle-aged balls of pseudo-conscious defense strategies there. Hideki is about as good a name as Anselm. Carlos Berrigan would have a certain ring for umps on demand, for our breed of scantily clad harbor adrift in concrete's sophisticated open-headed blue. When I get paid I catch up and spend. Brisk facet of hideous self-assertion, why do you dawdle on your knees as if waiting for a metaphysical paddling no one will extend

from its sheer commonalities? The baby sits on my thigh, activates the cell's on-line capacity by nuzzling a pocket, spends money. I buy her broccoli. Sand and shit intermingle over cocktails in a sinkless restroom that later reminds of childhood. Shouldn't the distant voicing of wisdom arrive with dour passivity at this point to instigate the lab rats into gazing at their withheld gazes? She's got fried looks. I've got a to do list begging for a million drinks. The Tartar and The Venetian contend in a stupor of disquiet above the bitched out illusion in which along with a green slim vase I am constantly hiding my torso out in front of my blood shot field of vision; should be carried out of this over-priced vessel and flung with innocuous fervor at noise's wrecked bounty. Sketch of a neglected cinema: who needs be reshot anyway but the local tableaux of desperate vanguards and their unspoken armies of flight. Cruising. When. Those blue cats. Told to never hear a word. The dish awakens. I am not inferno, no, no matter how aptly uncharacterized by stranger and estranged alike, as my brooding is bent towards seeing, forcing an issue out of perceptual marginalia – "my life," or, more succinctly, my humor. By now I am forced to take this surface seriously. Skin,

minor deterioration, latinate
pig fucker astride a multi-
channel slint of futures. I
garble the rhetorical aspects
of sensibility or silence them
altogether as occasion implicitly
demands, to give my child
a chance to unfix all that
she's told. I may not be
doing that. Total retreat
seems inevitable for a parsec.
Elegance was a factor at
one point, havoc in black
tights firing plasma circles
at your standard invasion.
I've not met an alien or, at
least, every being I've
encountered has been
recognizable on some
level, who doesn't, for
instance, take their aura
of citizenry for a stroll
in some granite forest,
"some" activating an
emphasis on arbitrary, mind
you, which of course we
don't deal in here, unless
by merit of reflection, i.e. I
know I'm in the Bacon,
I don't have to have it
shown back to me. I want
to eat and be eaten. There's
no particular mystery
in that sense. The generic
rambling passé mysteries
of space, time, friendship,
filthy rumination, and
little curvy bends in the
air when the funereal
arrangements are being
made in two broken
languages and you
haven't slept because
you're heavier than sleep
for extended lack of it,
that's what I'm
eliminating "thought" to

handle. Blank is blank
is blank is blank. To be
scores and assumptions
an inked goddess did not
command, I bet against
my own aloof relations
with family, society,
labor, and intellect. I've
mostly suppressed the
desire to compete with
everyone but myself, and
we are on a race to lose
most innately, with kindly
hostility to one another.
More saving. More moving.
A component of trust
in hand might be a routine
of removing dated skin. I
am not most comfortable
when removing layers of
myself at no one's behest.
To not pull vision off
the impact possible
among sphere, stick, and
who's gonna glove yr
pretty little hand, to not
make orders of oneself
so rhetorically abject.
My sense of my own
history with images is
such that I consciously
developed a willingness
to let them go – to not
take pictures though I'd
keep feverishly those gifted
to me. I might like the
feeling that a photo meant
I looked like something –
vanity to affect to desperate
preservation of a moment
that didn't feel settled
or ever moment-like. I've
kept a hold of some shots,
and now let fly an archive
on-line of pics other peeps
put up that has very little
to do with me. This is a

PG bar. The tender does not approve of your vulgarity. Studying overload for teachability feels a little too now. The computer, not the quesadilla, told me about a moment wherein my father, talking to an old friend, waxed nostalgic for a moment they co-habited, an extended moment, and a fellow who heard the rap from above got mad and, thirty-two years later, related his anger in a comment box as way of saying he couldn't deal with the sadness he perceives in Ted's poetry. Is that a fair judgment of a person based on an overheard remark to a then-geographically distant old running buddy about how great they were in their day together? The stuff, I'm sorry, moves too much, is too heavy, you

will have to be replaced in order for any of it to be caught. Does the poet improve her lot through working harder to compensate for the minor snuffing of instinct? No. Does the poet have a lot? I write with the fact of being in civilization as context to which it is hardly necessary to refer unless some use gets cajoled to the surface, making plans to make plans being a foundation for invisible suburbs within the city. On the question of influence I seem to have forgotten all the names, places, objects, friends, failures, experiences, that might make up the requisite list. I at some point decided to be – or became and later understood – influenced by, potentially, anything. Alignment with lineage or historical arc felt superfluous after that.

Introspective: *from Notes on Irrelevance*



This piece constitutes the first ten pages or so of a longer poem written during the late summer and early autumn of 2009. It comes out of a process of keeping a notebook, a smallish sketchbook, for a period of some months, and waiting until the notebook was filled up before typing any of it up. So the typing becomes a reengagement with writing that is mostly invisible to memory until typed. After working for a year on a piece that was basically all construction and rearrangement, I wanted to do some extended work that didn't have any filter other than pen to page, no particular plan, as little thought as could be mustered.

I was reading a lot of prose when I was doing the writing – Robert Walser's novel *The Tanners*, W. G. Sebald's *Rings of Saturn*, Thomas Bernhard's *The Loser*, and *To the Lighthouse* by Virginia Woolf, in particular. Also a weird little book by Villem Flusser, *Towards a Philosophy of Photography*. I wasn't consciously trying to emulate any aspects of these books, or any of the poetry I was reading as well, but I think now a lot of the poem's movement must come out of having this stuff going alongside the writing, which is dealing in memory, opinion, self-analysis, and an attempt to maintain some kind of extension of thought without giving in to it, for lack of a better way of putting it. There looks to be about 40-45 pages of this stuff.

Mary Carol Kenney





Born in Indianapolis, Indiana December 25th 1953, **MARY CAROL KENNEY** is the second of six children. She attended Herron School of Art in Indianapolis after graduating from high school in 1971. Her focus was figure drawing and art history. Financial constraints forced her to leave for full time employment after two years. She worked at various jobs before becoming self-employed as a homefurnishing seamstress. After divorcing, she raised her children first in Greencastle and then in Bloomington, Indiana. When all three children had left home, she moved to Santa Barbara, CA. where she quickly enrolled in Santa Barbara City College Adult Ed. programs taking first ceramics then sculpture and finally figure painting. Mary Carol is a member of The Santa Barbara Art Association and the Santa Barbara Sculpture Guild. She has won numerous awards in both painting and sculpting and is represented by Chalk Gallery in Carpinteria, CA.

"I happen to be interested in the human form—exploring emotions, relationships between people, their situations and environments."

MARY CAROL KENNEY

Josephina oil on board 32" x 80"



MARY CAROL KENNEY

Giselle with Tahi Headress oil on board 24" x 18"

poetsandartists.com 37



Robert at Susan's oil on board 24" x 36"

Q&A MARY CAROL KENN#Y

What is your hidden talent?

I love to dance. Nothing classical just freestyle. In Indiana, this is what I was known for. I've had friends pay my airfare to their weddings if I couldn't afford it just to get the party started. I haven't been to too many dance parties in CA so most of my friends don't know this about me.

How does your family life come into play with your artistic life?

Well I was a single mother so my artistic life was put on hold for awhile. I never gave up hope that someday I would have the time and energy to devote myself entirely to art. It's nice to think that it waited for me. Now my kids are my greatest fans.

Throughout time artists have been recognized by one signature painting. Davinci had Mona Lisa's

smile. Monet had water lilies. Gauguin had Tahiti. Fischel had the boy by the pool. What will yours be/is and why?

Well it's too soon to tell after only 5 years of painting, but for me personally, I feel closest to the first figurative painting I ever did. I found a picture of a Spanish Dancer a few years before I moved to Santa Barbara and thought "If I ever learn to paint, I want to paint this" When I started painting I bought a hollow core door and graphed it out. After spending all day sewing I would spend another 6 to 7 hrs working on this painting. It took me 7 months to finish it, so *Josephina* and I have a close bond.

How have social networks such as Facebook, Twitter and others come into play with your art?

Well, I'm not much into new technology. It's miraculous I have ever figured out how to upload a



MARY CAROL KENNEY

Close Distance oil on canvas 24" x 48"



A Different Kind of Marriage oil on canvas 40" x 40"

photograph (thanks to my daughter Josie). But I DO love Facebook. There is a huge network of artists to draw inspiration from - incredible artwork and supportive comments. Also, recently, some pretty lively discussion groups. My friend list has turned into an incredibly beautiful virtual gallery.

Finish this sentence: In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with the following artists...

I have been decribed by other artist as a combination of Freud, Sargent and Manet with a little Alice Neel thrown in.

Explain your process:

I ususally have a general idea about what I want to paint-which model-costume-pose. Things often end up completely different of course. I paint with a group of artist so everyone's input is considered. I start with a charcoal sketch-trace over it with a bright color paint, and then begin to fill in the darkest darks and lightest highlights -revising the drawing all the way. Each session last 3 to 4 hrs. and I like to have 2 to 3 sessions per pose. Sometimes a photograph is used to make finishing touches and sometimes I paint entirely from photos if I can't get a good composition from the live session.



Introspective: *American Housewife*

My initial plan for this painting was to do a standing nude from the back. One of my painting partners is convinced that people will only buy a nude if they can't see the woman's face. I hired one of my favorite models, she is small of stature but has a big personality, so I always paint her on a big canvas. I gave her my ironing board to lean on. After the pose was set, I was unhappy with just a back view and kept repositioning my easel until I ended up with a view of her face. It was a hot summer night, so I put a fan on the ironing board to keep her cool and added a striped cloth to get a sort of cabana feel. I changed the background color to make it feel hotter. It wasn't until later that somebody noticed the fabric looked like a flag. This ended up being such a fun session, with a life sized painting as a result. I've won more 1st prizes with this painting than I have with any of my others.

American Housewife
oil on canvas
30" x 60"

MARY CAROL KENNEY





Howard A. Tullman

www.tullman.com

<http://tullman.blogspot.com>



HOWARD A. TULLMAN serves as President and Chief Executive Officer of Flashpoint Academy and he is a past President of Kendall College, in Chicago. Most recently, he was the Chairman and CEO of Experiencia, Inc. Mr. Tullman is also the General Managing Partner for the Chicago High Tech Investors, LLC and a Director of The Cobalt Group and the Rally Marketing Group both located in Seattle. He is a Trustee of WTTW/WFMT in Chicago and of the New York Academy of Art in New York and a member of Mayor Daley's Council of Technology Advisors, a member of the Advisory Board of HighTower Advisors and an Adjunct Professor at Northwestern University's Kellogg Graduate School of Management in Evanston, Illinois as well as a regular guest lecturer at the Northwestern University School of Law in Chicago. He served as a long-time Director and for a short period as the Chairman of the Board of The Princeton Review.

Mr. Tullman is an active art collector, lender and donor to museums including the Mary and Leigh Block Museum of Art, Smart Museum of Art of the University of Chicago, the Art Institute of Chicago, the Chicago Children's Museum, the Evanston Art Center, the Springfield Art Museum, the Milwaukee Art Museum, the Madison Art Center, the Arnot Museum, the Frye Museum, the Mobile Museum of Art, the Museum of the South and the Museum of Contemporary Art (MCA) in Chicago where he previously served as a Trustee. Mr. Tullman was appointed many years ago by President Clinton to the President's Committee on the Arts and the Humanities (www.pcah.com) and served through the Clinton presidency. Mr. Tullman was one of the lead producers in a Broadway musical called "Swinging on a Star" which is now being staged in various venues worldwide. "Swinging on a Star" was nominated for a Tony Award as one of the five best new musicals on Broadway in the 1995-1996 theater season.









WE WANT ART THAT
SEIZES YOUR
ATTENTION AND
IMAGINATION

ART THAT IS HARD TO
LOOK AWAY FROM –
THAT NEVER FADES INTO
THE WALL

ART YOU NEVER TIRE OF
WITH A CERTAIN
STRENGTH OR POWER
AND A STORY THAT
ALWAYS REMAINS TO
TELL MORE

WE WANT ART YOU
MUST HAVE – TO LIVE
WITH & TO SHARE WITH
OTHERS – NOT UNLIKE
OXYGEN AND EQUALLY
CRUCIAL TO OUR
EXISTENCE

THIS IS NOT A CHOICE
WE MAKE – IT'S A
REQUIREMENT AND A
JOY THRUST UPON US





Which was the first painting you ever purchased for the collection?

I bought a drawing by an artist named Beth Shadur.

Most of your paintings are not traditional. Is there any hope for artists that are painting traditional portraits and landscapes and such to end up in the Tullman Collection?

There was a short time when I might buy a really wonderfully executed drawing of a landscape or of some other inanimate object, but I have lost all interest in that type of subject matter. As to portraits, I'm no longer interested in pure and technical photorealist work (it just seems too cold) so to the extent that I'm still buying portraits - they are looser, much more emotional and

hopefully filled with narrative.

Is there an artist which you seek out new work from more often than others, or are you mostly looking for new work from new artists?

I try to buy interesting new work from new artists rather than buying multiple pieces from a single artist. But there are definitely a few whose work I feel keeps getting better and each time I see a group of new work by one of them, I seem to end up buying something else. I would put Alyssa Monks, Jenny Morgan, Alison Blickle, Marc Dennis, Terry Rodgers, William Lazos and David Hevel all in this category.

I understand that you never sell your paintings, so the statement "I sold Warhol



too soon" is not relevant. Since you are not in it for the resale value of a painting, please explain to our readers why you collect art and other memorabilia.

I collect art for two main reasons: (a) to support as many good artists as possible so they can keep making art and (b) to create a stimulating and beautiful analog environment for myself and for my students and employees since we are so surrounded by everything digital and need to continue to appreciate both.

If you were in a situation where you had to give all the paintings away to a museum, but were allowed to keep three, which would you keep and why?

I would keep the Terry Rodgers painting, the Joe Seigenthaler sculpture, and the John

Jacobsmeier painting.

If you were a painter who would you be?
Roger Brown

Have any artists donated a painting for your collection simply because they wanted to be in the collection or is there some sort of protocol in place that must be followed?

No donations would be accepted from artists. If we like something, we always buy it for an agreed-upon price. We also try to avoid going around an artist's gallery or dealer. If they introduced us to the artist, we deal through them. We have sometimes bought a painting for a museum and donated it for the artist's benefit. As an example we bought a house (The Tim



House) created by the Clayton Brothers and gave it to the Madison Art Center to be part of the opening exhibit for the new museum building.

How has your family life come into play with the collection?

Well my wife is an artist and she has obviously been involved in choosing many of the pieces in the collection over the last 25 years, so it's very much a collaborative family effort.

What is the first thing that grabs your attention in a painting, and what prompts you to make a call to make the purchase?

I think I can tell in 10 seconds whether I am interested in a piece. Size is an important issue for me - in fact, I have sometimes waited and asked an artist to make me a larger piece than he or she may have had in the show. I can also usually identify which couple of pieces from a group of paintings

are the ones I would want, and that's why I invite artists and dealers to send me early images from upcoming shows so I can make a pre-opening choice when possible. In the last two years, I have been relying on 3 main publications to source additional artists - your books, the *American Art Collector* (since inception), and *New American Paintings* (for many years). I usually then send an email to the artist or gallery and tell them I am interested and I ask them for prices and availability.

Do you feel the Tullman Collection is somehow influencing modern painters?

I think that I try to make connections between artists in the collection and expose them to good work being done by others. We also make the collection available to visiting artists if they want to come visit. Other than that, I don't think I'm influencing anyone except hopefully our students in a good way.





Ron Androla

lives in Erie with his wife Ann.

Her Hands

Slow flight of golden, phosphorescent, air jellyfish.
She lights ocean-breeze incense piles
Microchips inhale like overly potent ganja.

In the center of the brain green mud.
The skull skin is hairy coconut shell.
Her heart bonfire exposes slapping,

Waves against dockside bone.
Floating in an ashy way above the flames
Her hands her hands her eyes her smiles.

We who inhale from microchips partying
With rum limes & stomach drums
Strings of clams our attire, dance, die.

Scream what we dream,
Dream we dance, dream
We die.

On the tip of my citrus-wet nose
She touches an embedded electrical
Chip, & I'm undone like a glass dog on a satellite.

I'm foil crush minus rust, an eternity of silver.
Sun dust accumulations
Oil an orbiting

Pyramid. My tongue is skinless sardine
Gel inside my black hole nasal cavity.
Fearless, she scoops, to raise to the sky.

Her hands flower nurses & angels.
She meticulously cuts crystallizing diamond
Minds, & I whisper "Didi" without teeth.

Noon Time Stone Nut

We were invited to The Singing
Bowl via Rick Lopez via Facebook
This morning, all day. I do not
RSVP back, nor tell Ann about it.
Rick Lopez is a Giant, Erie talent & a good
Man, but this is Saturday, I'm a jaded
Hermit, & Ann is knitting something
For Jill's baby shower next Sunday.
The Singing Bowl is a new vegetarian
Shop in the Hip district block of the city.
There is nothing wrong with vegetarianism.
This is all me. It's all my fault
We are not there, nor will we be,
Not today, no. Rick Lopez is a force.
He is the initial publisher of Todd Moore's
Epic "Dillinger" series of poems. I have
Always considered the book "The Name Is Dillinger"
As one of the Major works in Literature
In the 20th century. Vast, lyrical, imaginative,
Unparalleled. Naturally I doubt you have
Read it, & who the hell is Rick Lopez,
I hear you questioning like an Alien. Good,
I don't feel guilty, & Lopez hasn't
Thought of me twice.

Creating A Face

She's squeezing lemons between her ear
& shoulder. She spins more blue moons
With white moons to capture exact eye
Color, each differently shaded & shaped. Boat
Lips with burgundy red & butterfly guts.
Orange corn hair after smoldering,
Patting out a dry weed fire. Her brushes vibrate like
Strips of a black snake in hot olive oil. She consumes
More coffee than complicated Cuba. Jesus curls in the
Box-like cave of her brain, heavy syrup womb
Juice, dreaming of repairable crucifixion.
Signing cellar window light, bowing
Up one knee, the works of God
Flow from her strenuous neuron rivers with
Rhapsody on a Saturday.

Adjust That Disco Ball

J.J.'s along Route 18, behind The
Koppel Truckstop, & behind J.J.'s,
A cliff edge cuts into the Beaver River.
One of the more popular strip clubs in
The area, where I drink, where I begin
To tend bar. "I love the nightlife/i love
To boogie,..." & the tables & dance
Floor & stage, the bar like a flat boner
Wrapped in xmas lights & nicotine
Bulbs, bottles, dirty glasses sparkle.
I feel ill. It's a few years before AIDS.
Patty, so ravishing, an erotic angel,
Misting her body with water behind
The black curtain before striding
Out to shake her asshole at the hooting
Disco rednecks with dollars fists
In their greasy-monkey, ham hands.
As bartender I am privy to Patty's reality.
"I hate every one of those fuckers out there, but
I fart with a smile," she admits as I bend
To her request for two double Beams,
One for her, the other for her manager,
Her lesbian lover, Butch, who if
Without her voluminous breasts,
& a voice a few octaves deeper,
Cld be a man. Butch is loud & rude
& packing. It's a condition to employment
As a stripper, or a part of a stripper's entourage,
Divulge whether armed before the show begins.
Just so I know. Butch pats the bottom of her jeans,
In her boot-top. Inside the bar, switches for the lights,
The Disco Ball spins, keep things red when
A girl is on stage. The place smells like piss, beer,
Pot, cigars, & sweet booze. On "Ladies Night",
A male stripper drives up from Squirrel Hills.

J.J.'s attracts the gays, & crazed, badly married
Women: "Ladies Night" has 4 drunk girls
Sitting randomly around the bar,
Who want me to fuck them when the bar
Closes down after last call, but I must
Choose one, & by then I'm so goddamn drunk,
It's always a next day revelation mistake.
Donna lives in West Virginia & being fist-fucked
Is what she loves best, arm-fucked really.
As wild as I am in my early 20's, I'm surprised.
Jerri is a country-western singer who gorges
Beer, who bumps into dark walls, people, &
Tables as she ascends onto the stage. Wednesday
Night is live-band night. She is
Obviously intoxicated, but man, as she begins
To sing, she's clearly a pure talent with a jeweled
Voice of pain & love. We hook up. First she sucks
Me then rides me. Marvelous, dangerous, she's
Married, with 4 daughters. But every time
We get to my place, it's the same suck & fuck,
She INSISTS on it. I get antsy, especially when
One night of a show she brings in her 4 daughters
To listen to the first set, to meet me. The more
She tells me she loves me, the less love I have
For her. I decline the gift of a gold watch.
She shatters in tears & anythings. I pull
Far, far away, by the time her band breaks
& I'm into a waitress, & I'm her boss.
This is who I marry in Seattle when we
Escape cross-country in 1979 with
A quarter ounce of black hashish.
18 years later we divorce, of course,
Long after Disco dies as AIDS floods
The sick years.

Perfectly Level Smoke

Bullfrogs, mushy toads, foam
With a bobbing goat's head. These
Woods, a smudged Moon. This
Fire, that cauldron soup. An old Witch
Orgasms rubbing against a Black
Walnut trunk. Spikes of trees erupt,
Arrows arc at the Moon.
They return as tomorrow's cold rain.
Orange berries full of blood juice,
Poured from the jawbone of a wolf,
Are chewed, swallowed, & change
Everything. Fire is a clear bowl of churning
Phosphorescent green water.
Chickens crack open, laughing
Purple pods wearing clown shoes
Dance to Sinatra, surrounded by
Multiple Sinatras with arms out,
Presenting salvation. Zoomed,
The Moon sprays albino bats
Thru its sulfur trombone.
In the 1950's radiators
Are heaved into backyards
From destroyed kitchen windows.
Demons crouch in the dope. It's cool.
Ravens are executed by chant,
Chained, doomed. The scream of a
Peacock is a weapon when stuffed
Into a cotton-mouth viper. Satanic
Wisdom becomes Tiger Woods.

Adam Vinson

began seriously pursuing the craft of painting at age nineteen while under the tutelage of Anthony Waichulis. His three years spent in the Waichulis studio helped him to garner the skills necessary to facilitate a technical groundwork for representational draftsmanship and painting. After finishing the Waichulis curriculum, Adam continued his studies at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

He has made numerous appearances in many national publications, including *American Art Collector* and *Southwest Art*, and was recently featured on the cover of *American Arts Quarterly*. His painting "Dressy Bessy Takes a Nap" is currently displayed in the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery Outwin Boochever Portrait Competition exhibit in Washington D.C. where he one third prize. He continues to exhibit in Philadelphia, PA, Alexandria, VA, and by invitation in Santa Fe, NM and San Francisco, CA.



"I believe that representational painting can be summed up as an amalgam of expressive conception, concentrated natural observation and individual technical finesse. My interests and ambitions fall within a broad spectrum of these aspects and the conclusive product represents my enthusiasm for each."

ADAM VINSON

Q&A ADAM VINSON

Throughout time artists have been recognized by one signature painting. Davinci had Mona Lisa's smile. Monet had water lilies. Gauguin had Tahiti. Fischel had the boy in the inflatable pool. What will yours be/is and why?

I'm not sure. I feel like that is something best deemed by others to consider long after a painter's career has ended. If it were up to this point and up to me, I'd have to suggest "Dressy Bessy Takes a Nap." This painting is one of my favorites. It features a portrait of my wife and a few objects that I had previously painted, and they symbolize the past, present and future. It's a subtle commentary on the personal reflection of the past and future ambitions one has from time to time throughout life.

What is your hidden talent?

Though I'm not sure I would define it as a talent, I would say I'm definitely a musical hobbyist. I've played in bands since I was a teenager and I continue to collect and enjoy a wide range of music. I also have a very extensive lint collection. If anyone would ever care to see it or to engage in lint related discourse, please get in touch.

What medium have you not used in the past that you may wish to try out?

I like to keep it simple. On larger works I'll use linseed oil cut with turp, keeping it lean in the beginning, if I really need to use something. I try to use oil sparingly, though. I use Maroger medium on smaller, more detailed works. Surprisingly, one thing I've never gotten around to is trying

the classic 1/3 medium, introducing damar varnish to oil and turpentine, so probably that one.

How does your family life come into play with your artistic life?

Not only are the members of my family (and friends) the strongest supporters of what I do, they are also reoccurring subjects in my work. They provide a constant stream of encouragement and inspiration while also keeping me socially connected in what is generally a solitary pursuit. My wife bares the brunt of most of my artistic travails and I'll proudly state that she has never trivialized my personal obstacles and remains my objective dose of reality when painting tickles my brain a little too much.

What supplies must you have in your studio before you start any new piece?

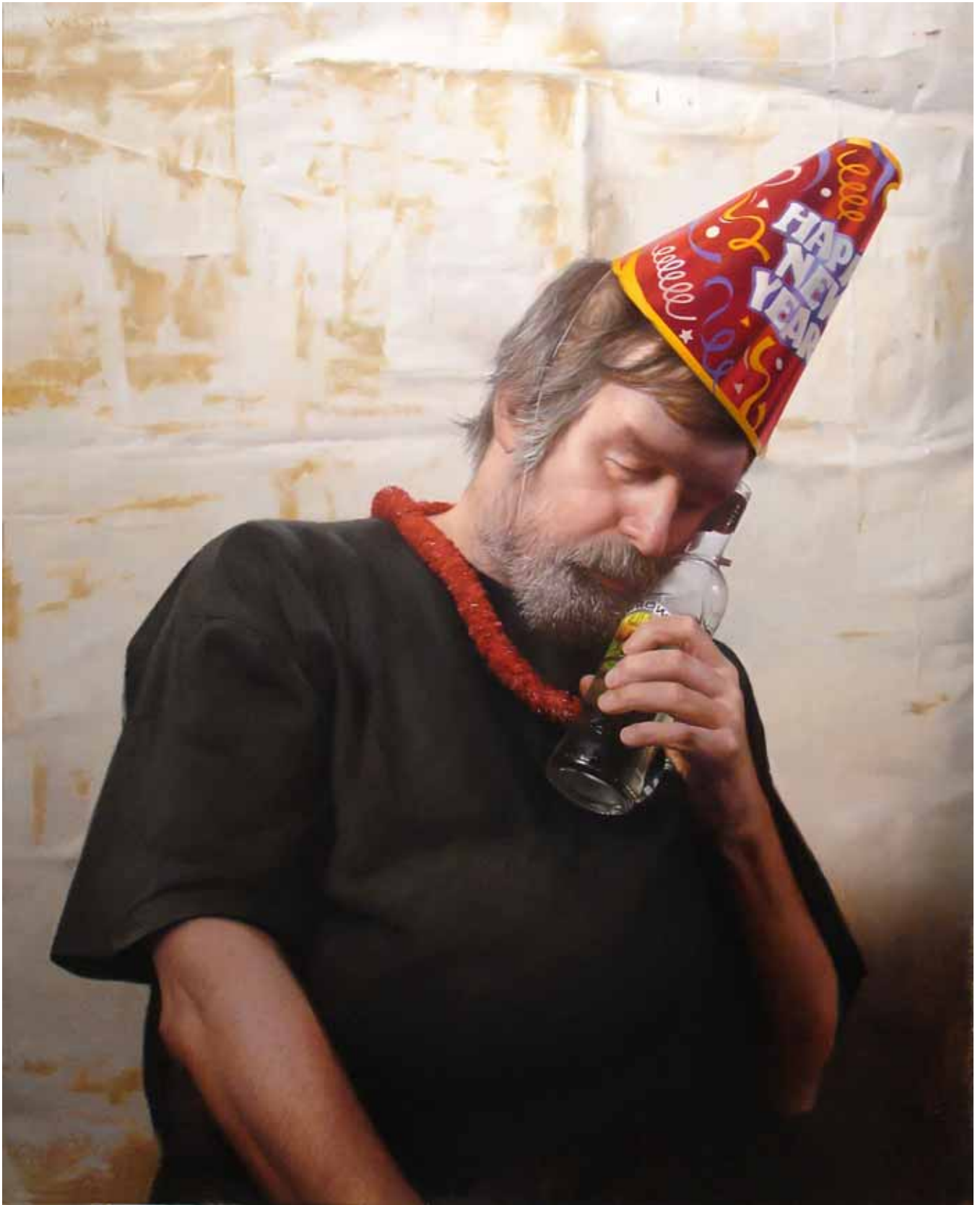
Whatever it takes to get the job done. Since I like the option of working from both life and photographic reference, I need to have that figured out before the first marks are made. Obviously the materials necessary to do the job have to be available and organized (i.e. pencils, charcoal, brushes etc.). Preparation is half the battle.

Finish this sentence: In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with the following artists...

Ahh, this is a loaded question. It's not mine to decide the company with which I belong.







Left: *Dressy Bessy Takes a Nap* oil on panel 17" x 12"

Above: *The Resolution* oil on panel 30" x 24"

ADAM VINSON







Crater Lake Proxy oil on panel 20" x 16"



Introspective: *Crater Lake Proxy*

In the painting "Crater Lake Proxy" I wanted to offer a contemporary trompe l'oeil piece with two dimensional layers but with more depth than a traditional trompe l'oeil by using a multitude of picture planes, all offering their own contained compositions, but coming together to form a cohesive unit much like a puzzle. The intention was to arrange a still life in a very random order with curvilinear objects to consciously counter the straight lines I would be using in the "photograph layer."

I decided to limit my palette with a strong emphasis on warm and cool colors so as to not congest the overall picture plane further beyond the directional lines. I feel that this piece offers not only a sense of illusion, but also a sense of depth and intrigue. It has been my most formulaic approach to painting and I found the process equally challenging and successful from concept to completion.

Regina DiPerna

In 2009, after finishing her BA in English, Regina left Ohio to begin her dream of travel and writing. This year, Regina is an English instructor in the vibrant city of Kaohsiung, Taiwan. Her balcony overlooks the warm, neon downtown sidewalk, making it a perfect spot for people watching, writing poetry, and otherwise enjoying life's succulence. This summer, Regina will travel Europe for six weeks. She also looks forward to pursuing her MFA in Creative Writing this autumn, although her location is still undecided. Her work focuses on personal experiences woven into a colorful, delicate surrealism.

Copper

You gathered your rucksack over your shoulders. Wires snapped
like kindling above. When you'd gone, ruddy sand swirled
about the platform.

I cried and sweated, leaned and lingered in the yellow heat of the ship
breaking yard. Vast sheets of sour, bolted metal. I traced my hands
across their abrasive mud.

They were coaxed ashore, but wheezed once, grew tired and let the sun
warp their sterling gunwale to hot rust. They are only slabs of gutted material.

Your human chest is a vessel, your voice a snare drum kissing
and crisscrossing over itself.

You are touching your jaw over the Pacific, leafing
through a paper back I'd given. The smell of salt and wilted postcards

and your body is an empty glass by the bedside. I am full of holes.
I press your crowded, soft house shirt to my face.

Your coppery limbs traverse thin hallways and mild
bronze winters in my mind.

You thrust your wrists out into the weather.
A roman candle snaps and dissolves.



Introspective: *Copper*

Since I can remember, I have been fixated on the body. Each person's body is a living work of art-- its mere presence expresses a right to exist. My work naturally gravitates towards images of the body, and tries to pinpoint its movements, expressions, hesitations, shapes and eccentricities. The body is also irretrievably tangled with our own impressions. That is, the shape of the body we remember is also the shape and color of our minds around it. In "Copper", I wanted to explore simultaneous awe and pain using the body as a map. In trying to reconcile a physical absence, I began to layer objects and moods across remembrances of the body. I wanted to express the tactility and texture of these memories, as well as a warm quality of light throughout.

A woman with long brown hair is sitting in a green armchair, facing a window and painting on a canvas. To her left is a large painting of a multi-scoop ice cream cone. A small dachshund dog is lying on the armchair next to her. The room is filled with art supplies, including brushes and paint containers on a table to the right. A colorful checkered rug is on the floor.

Right:
Big Hotdog!
oil on cradled
panel
48" x 24.75"

Mary Ellen Johnson

<http://maryellenjohnson.blogspot.com>



MARY ELLEN JOHNSON is a painter living in Hartsville, South Carolina. She is from West Long Branch, NJ. She knew from a very early age that she was an artist, as she told her kindergarten teacher her plans to become one. Mary Ellen studied at Ringling School of Art and Design in Sarasota Florida. After Ringling she concentrated mainly on drawing and commission work. At this time she began a long pursuit of self directed study and exploration. Several years ago, when Mary Ellen began to paint, she had no real direction to where her art was going. Her husband gave her some very good advice, and said that her art would find her if she would stop looking for it. She did just that and immersed herself into the daily painting movement, as she painted anything and everything, which was very liberating. Through doing that it became clear to her where her passion lied, as she found a very exciting if not quotidian imagery that she had previously overlooked; still life and an age-old subject was food seen in a modern way.



Big Sushi oil on cradled panel 20.25" x 48"

Q&A MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

Before I can do any useful painting I need to clear my head of any distractions, responsibilities, etc. and anyone in my studio. I organize my workspace, set up my palette, play my 80s music playlist, have my coffee nearby, and my miniature Dachshund in my lap.

What is your hidden talent?

I love to cook. One thing that I have been teaching myself lately is baking and

decorating confections. I guess it is related to my art because when I paint a confection I like to be in control of how it is put together. I have been working with fondant, piping butter cream, and making royal icing for cookies. With fondant you can sculpt it into 3 dimensional shapes and color it any color you want. It is very creative and fun, and I think if I were not painting I would open a bakery.

What medium have you not used in the past that you may wish to try out?

I would like to try pastels out. The



Following Page: **Big Pancakes** oil on cradled panel 31.375" x 48"

beautiful pastel portraits of Daniel Greene have really inspired me. I guess I'm just like a kid when I see those large pastel boxes of color since it reminds me of a new box of Crayola crayons that I used when I was little. I think the switch from brush to stick would be very interesting.

How does your family life come into play with your artistic life?

Our house is like a little art commune. My husband Dale, son Seth, youngest son Greyson, and I are involved in art. If 9-year-old Greyson does not end up an

artist, we will all be very surprised. We constantly have art-making going on at the house. Seth is a Fine Art and Communications double major in college and he is always working on new and exciting projects. We all like to talk about art, watch art documentaries together, go to shows and museums, and critique each other's work. Oh boy, Greyson can give a blistering critique, as he definitely knows what he likes. My husband Dale is a very talented oil painter. He is also a walking art encyclopedia and he teaches us all many things. We all push each other to dig deeper and do our best,







Big Cheeseburger oil on cradled panel 33.5" x 31.5"

congratulate each other's successes, and try to be a soft spot to land for when things are not going our way.

What supplies must you have in your studio before you start any new piece?

I need my favorite paint colors especially my high-chroma pigments, I paint in a representational manner but find when I push reality with intense hues with dancing compliments it makes the imagery more enticing.

Leonardo da Vinci will be remembered for the Mona Lisa. What will be your signature painting?

I believe my signature painting is yet to come, because my art is still evolving and progressing. But for right now I would have to say Pancakes. For me, Pancakes best captures the direction that I am going with in my paintings. I think that many people get their own feelings when they see a large stack of pancakes. Comfort, tradition and nostalgia are some of the themes that I'm interested in depicting. Memory is deeply connected to the senses. Just the sight of food can create a system of complex physiological and psychological actions in the body, which in turn can make you hungry. People have told me that just viewing Pancakes made them crave pancakes and that they had to go make some. Being able to make the viewer want, and even possibly go out and get something is very interesting to me.

Pancakes is probably the best representation of my painting style. It isn't hyper or photo realistic, but may appear that way from a distance. However, up close it looks almost impressionistic or pointillist. I think the looseness in style draws people in. I would rather have someone look at my paintings and say, "That really makes me hungry," than ask, "How did she paint that?"

How have social networks such as Facebook, Twitter and others come into play with your art?

My favorite social network is definitely Facebook. I have found that there is a huge community of artists on there. It seems we all friend each other and it is great to get real time updates on artist's new paintings, events, workshops, exhibitions, and feedback. It is also really

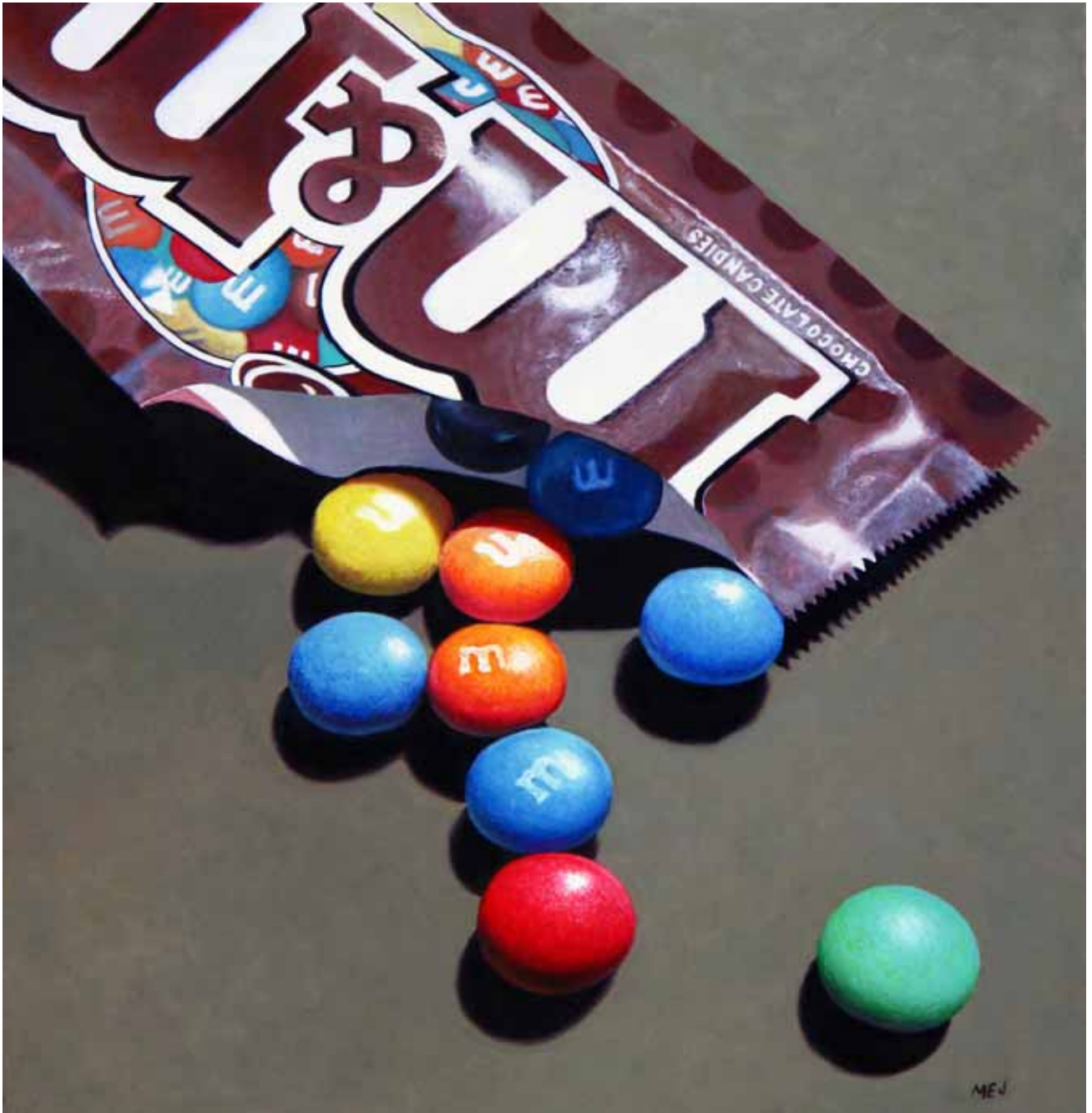
nice to be able to comment on the work of artists that I admire, and have a chance to correspond with them. It is also a great place to discover new and upcoming artists.

Finish this sentence: In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with the following artists...

I believe my list would be rather diverse and could be very long, but narrowing it the best I can I would say; Michelangelo Carravaggio, John Singer Sargent, Georges Seurat, Claude Monet, Henry Moore, Andy Warhol, Wayne Thiebaud, Richard Murdock, and Shawn Kenney.

Explain your process.

I usually start out with ideas for several possibilities. When I am painting a food item I first make a grocery list, and then I shop. I also need to check the weather for a clear day before a photo shoot. I wake up early and cook whatever needs to be cooked and then begin to style the food. I build the subject up, arranging textures and colors and trying to make them as appetizing as possible. For example, in the ice cream painting that I am working on, I made fake ice cream out of cake icing, confectioner's sugar, and Elmer's Glue. It doesn't melt and the fake ice cream qualities are better than the real thing. This was something I had to figure out as it was challenging to realistically paint a very perishable food item. I always start taking my photographs in the morning sunlight on my porch, when the light is magical. I take shots all through the day as the sun moves through the sky capturing the different lighting characteristics. Often, I will need to do several photo shoots with new food, making adjustments over several days so I will get the attributes I am looking for. I also study the images and crop for composition. And out of hundreds of photos only one will stand out from the others. After cropping I then have a size to make my panels. I make my own cradled panels and gesso and sand them many times to get a smooth surface to work on. I make a detailed drawing on the panel and start applying my paint. I use the old adage, start with a broom and end with a needle, when I paint as well. My painting style is somewhat fragmented, I use a mixture of glazes, pointillism/broken color to build up detail.



Big M&Ms oil on cradled panel 31.5" x 35.25"

"I paint to stir visceral and psychological impulse. My work evokes nostalgia, and an intrinsic yearning for gratification. The food communicates a visual language that crosses the barriers of different cultures, for food is a universal experience."



Big Spaghetti oil on cradled panel 31.375" x 48"

Introspective: *Spaghetti and Meatballs*

With Spaghetti and Meatballs I wanted to create a comforting feeling and a visceral response in the viewer. Imagine if you will, that you are little again and you had a really horrible day at school. You enter your house and it's filled with the aroma of garlic, herbs, and some unidentifiable but mouthwatering scent. You go into the kitchen to investigate and find that right on the table in front of you is a heaping plate of your mother's lovingly made spaghetti and meatballs. You take your first bite and all of a sudden those troubles that happened today wash away. It doesn't matter that you had a horrible day, because now you are home. Food evokes a sense of connection to the past and comforts us. Many of the "comfort foods" we turn to today were served at our family dinner tables when we were children. Those associations can take us back to our childhood when life seemed simpler and easier to understand. There is a very deep spiritual dimension to food that is tied to a communion with family and friends. Food is a physical substance of shared well being.



MARY ELLEN JOHNSON

I knew that I wanted the piece to have a monumental feeling when viewed, so I decided to make it quite large. Following my mother's recipe I prepared the meatballs and sauce, and then arranged them with the noodles to enhance a feeling of depth, which was accented with parsley and shaved Parmesan. I made the lighting radiate, maximizing a glow on the surface of the sauce, which emits interesting color plays of yellow, orange, red, and magenta. I chose a simple plate and dark background to bring strong emphasis on the food. I use my family as a barometer to measure the success of a painting. Over the several weeks I worked on the painting, they frequently begged for spaghetti and meatballs for dinner. So I was quite happy with the result.

Erika Moya

Erika Moya's poetry and reviews have appeared or are forthcoming in *UNSAID Magazine*, *2River View*, *Qaartsiluni*, *The Smoking Poet*, *Holly Rose Review*, *Le-Pink Elephant Press*, and *SN Review*. Her poetry has been featured in the Best American Poetry blog. A native of Los Angeles, she is currently attending the MFA program at the University of North Carolina Wilmington.



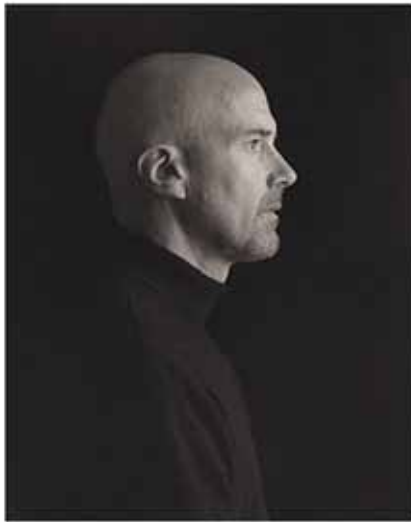
photo by Heather Hoxsey

Instrospective: *For Mary Oliver's Lover*

I normally write late at night. I constantly take notes and come up with lines or am inspired by the work of friends who are visual artists. With this poem I had been reading *Thirst* by Mary Oliver, which she wrote after losing her lifelong partner, Molly. I feel poetry is a means in which to travel through the grieving process, not necessarily regarding death, but it is a means in which to examine the life arch of something. How anything comes into being and then dissipates or changes to something else. After writing the initial draft I go through an editing process that can last from one week through several months, depending on how comfortable I feel with where the poem is at.

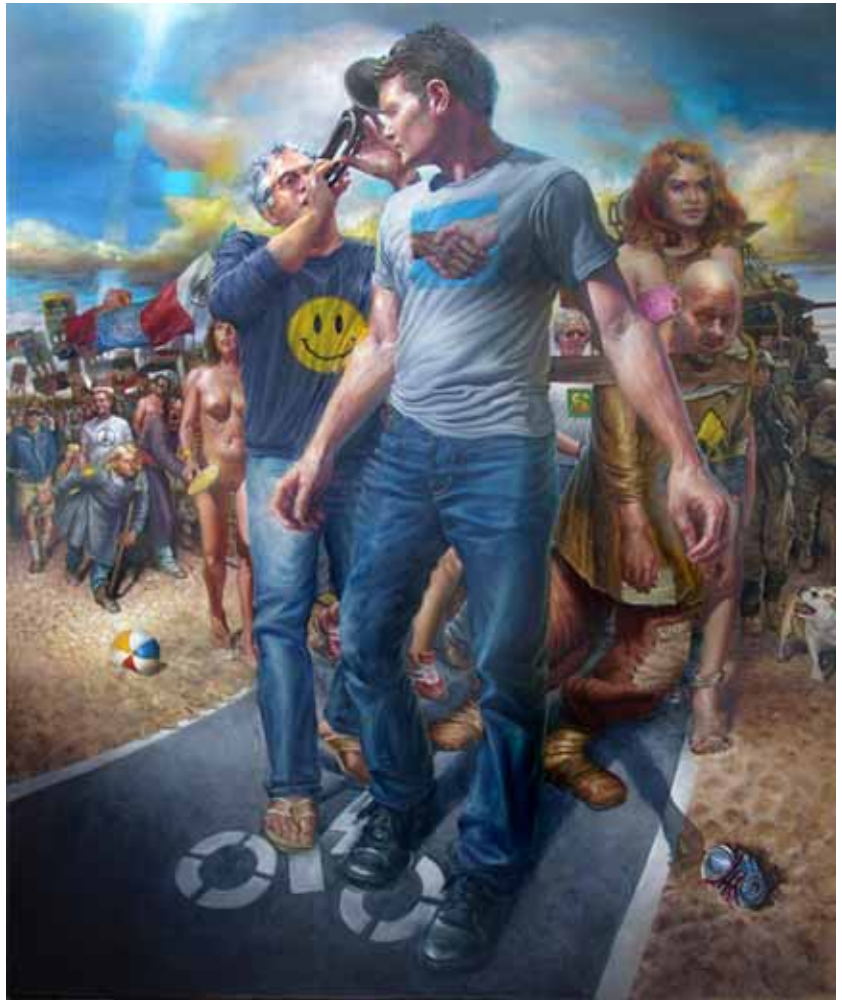
For Mary Oliver's Lover

Molly, you've left
red lip-sticked
collars and long
silver hairs they
glisten at the dawn
or fester in un-swept
corners. I've learned
to make my days
without you. I take
them by their edges
and fold them towards
a center, like baking
a boule or teaching a child
how to diaper a doll.
Before I cross the
street I pause, waiting
for you to catch up.
You always walked
behind. The neighbors
must exclaim, there
she goes, walking alone
again. Do we live to hear
that rattle of breath-
something not belonging to us?
I'd wake and it was always
there, a short breath in, a
longer one out. Like the
shhh of a mother_-
Molly, sometimes
I forget you've left. One
sees a superb sunset.
How things call to
one another. I can only
say your name, pressing
it delicately into the air,
moving it over the walls.
Maybe like smoke
it will stain, staying
even after I go.



Stephen Douglas

An Elusive
Provocateur Whose
Time Will Come
review by Grady Harp



Procession

“The big artist keeps an eye on nature and steals her tools.” *Thomas Eakins*

EACH of us has encountered an artist whose impact is immediate, producing one of those moments when suddenly all previous responses are altered permanently – where those reactions to visual stimuli originate concurrently in the eye, the mind, the psyche, and the perception of the world immutably change. Stephen Douglas is such an artist. Less concerned with fame and transient ranking in the arena of contemporary artists, Douglas is a painter who has never painted for anyone but himself, being less concerned with trends or zones of the constantly changing schools of popular art than he is capturing the essence, the ultimate nature of something. Not that Stephen Douglas is hermitic: his pupils are many, artists who have been profoundly influenced by his sheer technical prowess as well as his unique manner in approaching his

subjects; he is regularly sought after by famous individuals who commission him to produce portraits they realize will depict the true essence of their characters; he is in museum collections.

What makes Stephen Douglas an artist whose work will live far beyond his time is the utter honesty of his painting. From the beginning of his career he has been a figurative artist, even in a time when representational art and especially painting the figure was not considered ‘important’ – the era of the 1970s. Feeling inadequately prepared from his formal training to express what he chose to paint, he studied the paintings of Thomas Eakins, finding there a methodical technique to which he could relate in his investigation of the figure. Other artists making a strong influence on him were Alberto Giacometti from whom he gained the sense of the existential equality of form and

space, his teacher RB Kitaj whose statement 'Books have pictures, and pictures have books' has remained Douglas' leading light as he explores the core of each of his paintings, and the great Spanish master of observation Antonio López García, so highly regarded among artists as the painter whose ability to actually **see** both the object is equaled only by his ability to investigate the essence of that object.

So how does Stephen Douglas use these intellectual foundations of existentialism and polished perceptive skills to produce the arresting, fascinating paintings he has consistently produced over the years? One has only to stand before one of his works to understand his ability to make every aspect of his art reflect truth, to discover his imagination that at times dares to push beauty aside for

right
For my Father





meaning, to sense the progress of his journey as an artist. In Douglas' words *'the figure is the arena in which I am most comfortable. Whether they are outdoors or in the studio, painted from life or from photographs, my goal has always been to imbue my subject with an atmosphere that transcends their objectivity and occupies a space that only painting can generate: a world where looking and touching are synonymous. The artist acts as a middleman between the fact of paint and the idea of painting. I listen to the paint as much as I listen to the will to control it.'*

In his studio paintings he places his model with masking taped markings on the floor left obviously visible, sets his accessory chairs and other used paraphernalia, lights his subject, and then allows his response to the idea to begin to direct his painting. In ***For my Father*** he

left

***The Artist Advances
Toward Middle Age***



has, in response to his father's stroke and subsequent death and his having been raised as an agnostic, created an angel – a nude female with obviously handcrafted wings, standing on a broken mirror, her feet bleeding, but her gaze is somehow comforting. In a painting of the same scale **The Artist Advances Toward Middle Age** Douglas requires the same honesty and courage of presentation in one of his many self-portraits. Or he combines all of these techniques in a more narrative work **Shadow** in which he paints a model in a costume of the model's design and creates a somewhat ominous atmosphere as his tape marked figure stands in a circle of blood.

Douglas paints his models in the studio setting where the light is of his own design – artificial or indirect – 'in the tradition of Chiaroscuro where illumination defined rather than obscured.' But the 'definition' of his subjects can be both hard line (as in his very realistic portraits) and muted line, the edge of the model seemingly blending into the space surrounding, as though air or atmosphere is visible making the edge or focus ambiguous. Douglas admits to 'an ongoing attempt to discuss a transcendent relationship with what surrounds all of us. The



Ascend

Old Stories



“Art enables us to find ourselves and lose ourselves. at the same time.”

Thomas Merton

ability to do so is a record of how difficult it is to maintain a spiritual embrace of reality’. **Old Stories** is a current example of this conundrum in that the chair, the masking tape markers, even the model’s timer and the hides are distinct whereas the nude female seems to be almost amorphous until in the left portion of the triptych Douglas opens the background animal hide to open the studio view to the ‘reality’ of nature (the reference to sky), and the question of what is real is challenged by the presence of a secondary face or personality emerging from the new question of reality of the model.

Always pushing himself to explore new ways of seeing and responding to the object, Douglas moved outside his studio into the dazzling California sunlight of his Venice home and beach. Because of the brilliance of this quality of light outside of the controlled studio obscures detail rather than enhancing it. He painted a series, *Humidity*, that allowed him to explore this now visible atmosphere that enveloped his models as in **On Guard, Ascend, and Stay**. The figures, always Douglas’ main focus, remain more than realistic semblances: the palpably real models somehow exchange their exact peripheral outlines for a blending with the now visible vapor and near tangible air of the atmosphere. Yet as in his Studio paintings the realism of the grounding elements (here the very exact description of the beach at Venice in the distance) remains, reminding the viewer that no matter how exploratory the artist is with the corporal and psychological essence of the model, he holds onto the truths of his decided settings.

Attending to his art does not

preclude Stephen Douglas from stepping into commentary on the world as he views it at present. His very large canvas allegory **Procession** addresses the chaos and the turbulent times in which we live. He includes elements of the military/war, aging, the committed individuals and those who find little need but to care for pleasure, and other elements of contradiction: and in the midst of this vast parade is a self portrait of the artist dressed in tatters struggling with or being supported by a strap of confinement. And as with all of the paintings of Stephen Douglas there is far more waiting to emerge than a first glance provides. His art continues to challenge, to question, and to inspire artists and public alike who recognize the power his paintings represent.

Shadow



Daniel Ochoa

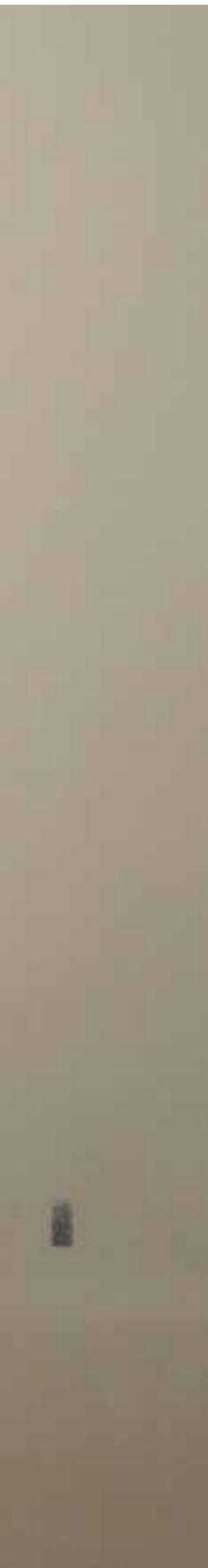


DANIEL OCHOA was born in 1980 in Santa Rosa, California. Currently living in San Francisco, California, he is a full time artist and recently had a Solo Exhibition at Julie Nester Gallery in Park City, Utah. In May, Julie Nester Gallery will feature his work at the Affordable Art Fair in New York and The San Francisco Art Fair.



Adjusting the Venda oil on canvas 72" x 60"





Q&A DANIEL OCHOA

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

Music is important, I put my iPod on and get to work. Right now, I am listening to Jose Gonzalez and Spoon.

What is your hidden talent?

Cooking. Some could debate that. I am hit or miss with making meals for others. Since I don't stick to recipes or measure things, that can sometimes hurt the end results. When I was growing up, I had a lot of family BBQ's to go to. Right now, three of my uncles and one aunt each own and run Mexican food places, so I guess it is kind of a family thing.

What medium have you not used in the past that you may wish to try out?

I would like to try installation at some point. There are a lot of possibilities with installation which I have not explored. I like the idea of creating a real environment to experience.

How does your family life come into play with your artistic life?

Most of my work deals with my identity as a person of mixed ethnicity. The solitary figure paintings I do are a metaphor regarding the formulation and constant changing of my own identity. In addition, most of my portrait works are of family and friends.

What supplies must you have in your studio before you start any new piece?

I don't need anything special to start a work besides the appropriate supports, paint and mood.

Explain your process.

Most of my works start with gestural marks or pouring paint on the support, which gets the work going in an abstract manner. Each work takes a different course, and I respond accordingly as the layers develop. I spend a lot of time looking at each piece during the later stages. I will hang the painting on the wall, stand back from it and try to imagine the work developing. Often, connections between memories, emotions and what's going on in the painting will inform each other. I use tape to mask areas, then paint, and pull off the tape to expose previous layers. Sometimes great things happen on purpose and sometimes not on purpose. I like to be surprised.

Finish this sentence: In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with the following artists...

Jean-Michel Basquiat, Francis Bacon, Frida Kahlo, Marleen Dumas, Hung Liu, Chris Ofili, Jenny Saville, and Ana Teresa Fernandez. I appreciate the work of these artists because they explore identity politics in their work.





“The experiences I had growing up in a bicultural family fuel the imagery, and emotional quality of my work. My father is an immigrant from Mexico, and my mother a white American. The deconstruction of my identity is at the root of what I paint and how I paint.”

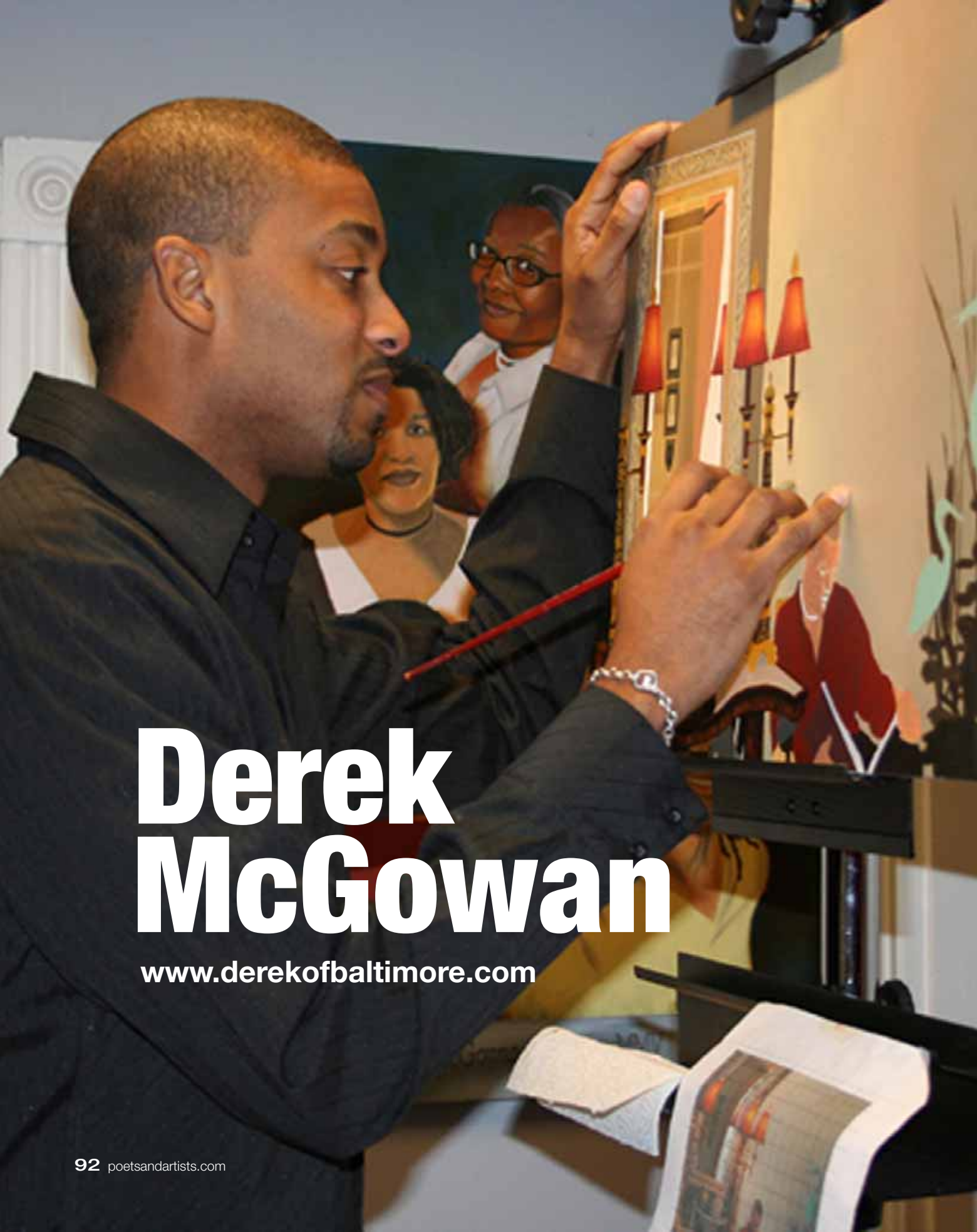
Introspective: *Americano Self Portrait*

One of my most recent works completed is ‘Americano Self Portrait’. I started this painting about 8 months ago, and had done several pours on it. It was hidden behind a bunch of other work because I did not like what was going on in the abstractions. During that time, I was preparing to go to Costa Rica with my sisters and brother in law. I was listening to a lot of Spanish pod casts and Mexican bands. I grabbed the painting one day and started writing in Spanish and English on the canvas. It was the first time I wrote words on the canvas and it just seemed to make sense. I spent 10 days in Costa Rica, and it was a great way to reset how I thought about painting. When I got back, I had a clear idea of how to approach my work. Now, I am consistently incorporating deconstructed narratives in Spanish and English into the layers of paint.

This painting is successful because there are key words written in the layers like, Mexican-American, Americano, and white, which are labels some have placed on me. The representational qualities are successfully juxtaposed with the abstract because the hard edge of the masking lines. There is a sense of movement in the eyes and nose, and the expression is ambiguous. The bottom line is, I feel like it is an accurate representation of me emotionally and physically.

Americano Self Portrait
oil on canvas
46" x 34"



A photograph of artist Derek McGowan in profile, focused on painting a mural. He is wearing a dark long-sleeved shirt and a silver chain bracelet. He holds a red paintbrush in his right hand, applying paint to a wall. The mural depicts a woman in a red dress and a man in a white shirt. In the background, two people, a man with glasses and a woman, watch him work. The scene is lit with warm, indoor lighting.

Derek McGowan

www.derekofbaltimore.com

DEREK McGOWAN was born and raised in Baltimore, Maryland. Largely self taught and drawing since childhood, he used whatever materials he could find to continue his need to express himself through art work. Once he reached high school he made money on the side by drawing portraits of his fellow classmates and his teachers' children. During his 11th grade year, at the suggestion of his high school counselor, Derek entered the regional Aspiring Artist Competition where he placed second and used his entire \$700 prize on art supplies. Derek then enrolled in Towson University's fine art program and studied under professors Michael Weiss, Nora Sturges, and Tonia Matthews. A chance meeting with veteran local artist Jeremiah Stermer opened his eyes to the possibility of pursuing fine art full time. Several years after graduating he took matters into his own hands by quitting his day job and acquiring an outside studio. A rising star on the art scene, his clients have included: leading Afro-American artist, John Holyfield, CBS news anchor, Vic Carter, Dean of Art at Towson University, Christopher Spicer, and Maryland Chess Champion, William Morrison. His work has recently appeared in *International Artist* and *American Art Collector* magazines.

Derek currently holds membership with the International Guild of Realism, The Portrait Society of America, and the Oil Painters of America.

Cello oil on canvas 48"x24"







Girls Night Out oil on canvas 30" x 40"

Q&A DEREK MCGOWAN

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

Before I begin any new painting, I have to run 3 miles, shoot 3 free throws and watch 3 hours of Family Guy.

What is your hidden talent?

Because I am the analytical type, I have a talent for finding implications and contradictions in things. Double Standards and such which pervade individual's beliefs and philosophies. This talent especially helps me to solve problems when painting and to digest down all of the varied methods that are taught. I can find where two methods clash and throw out what doesn't work, keeping those techniques which give the greatest efficiency. Also I have a weird talent for

flipping channels and telling what movie is on within seconds, without the cable guide or even without having seen the movie.

What medium have you not used in the past that you may wish to try out?

I have always wanted to work with gold leaf, but I have no idea how I would integrate it into my current compositions.

How does your family life come into play with your artistic life?

Family life caused me to get an outside studio!

What supplies must you have in your studio before you start any new piece?

I must have Rembrandt oils, Yes brand canvas, and a couple of college level lectures



French Horn oil on canvas 24" x 30"

"Through the artists' eyes, the apparent beauty of our surrounding world is astounding, and for me, the highest level of accomplishment is to render objects in their most truthful and most accurate nature."

or non fiction books to listen to before I can begin a painting.

Throughout time artists have been recognized by one signature painting. Davinci had Mona Lisa's smile. Monet had water lilies. Gauguin had Tahiti. Fischel had the boy by the pool. What will yours be/is and why?

I believe "Girls Night Out" will prove to be my signature painting. Why? Because it represents the genesis of a whole new compositional device for me. I have many more paintings planned using this device and if I become "known" for this kind of painting then the first of its kind would have to be the most important.

How have social networks such as Facebook, Twitter and others come into play with your art?

Myspace is dead and I don't twitter, but I do enjoy FaceBook because I am able to connect with artists from all around the world and I get to see such wonderful artwork that I may never had the opportunity to see.

Finish this sentence: In an ideal situation I would be in the same publication with the following artists...

Jean Leon Gerome, Raphael, Lawrence Alma Tadema, William-Adolphe Bouguereau, Jean Dominique Ingres, Anthony Waichulis, Nelson Shanks and Jeremiah Stermer.



Self Portrait (the creation) oil on canvas 30" x 40"

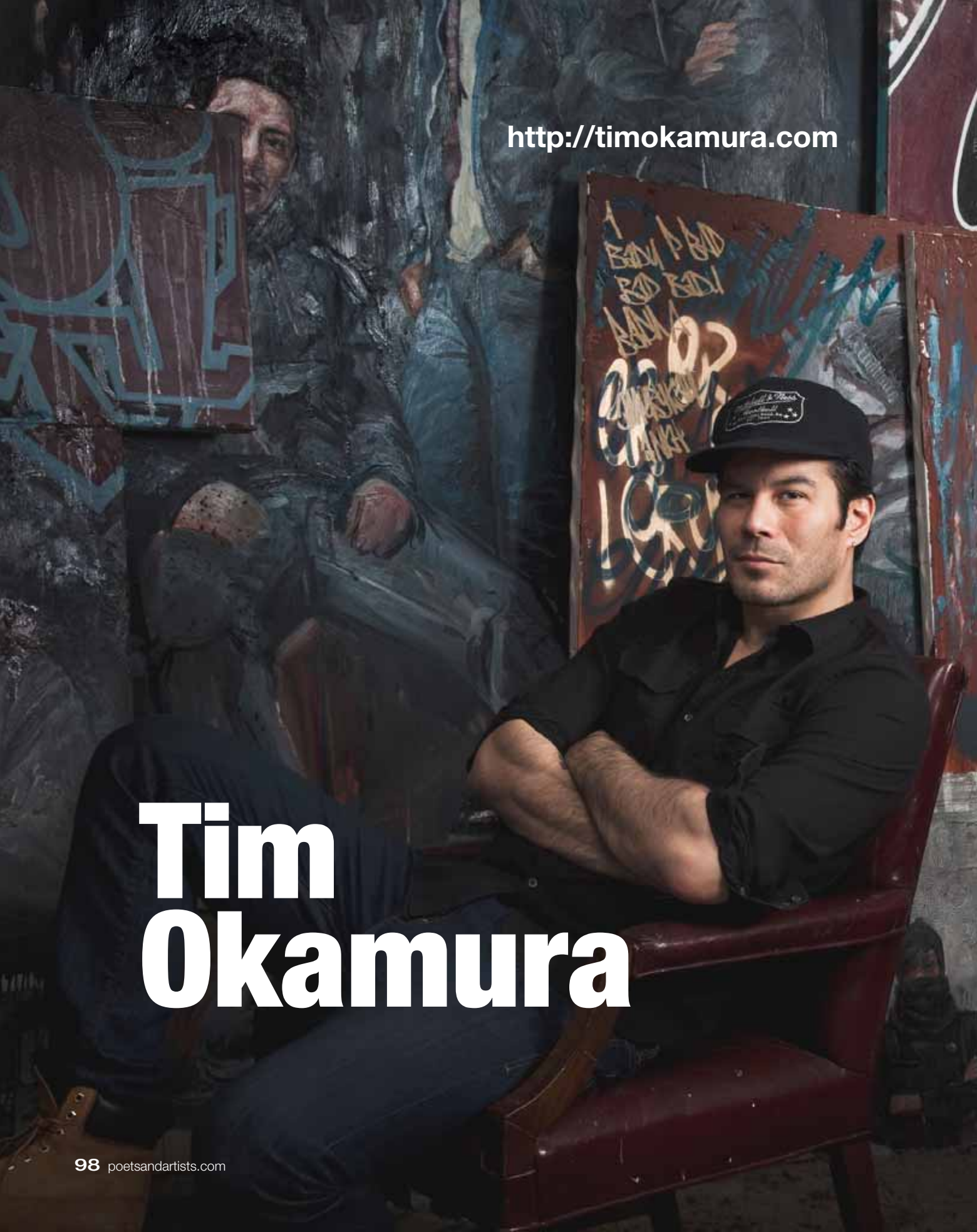


DEREK McGOWAN

Introspective: *Self Portrait (the creation)*

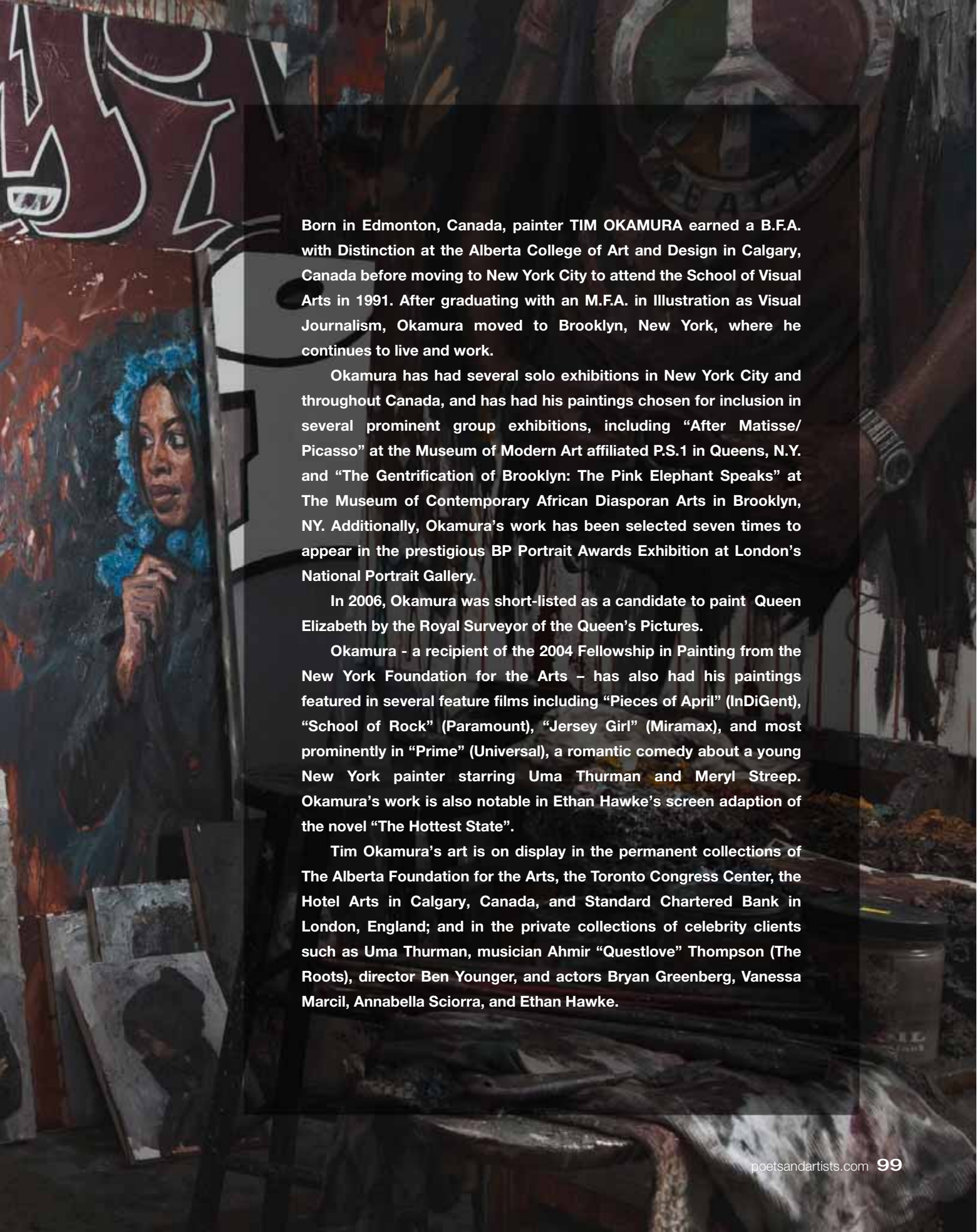
This painting is named *Self Portrait (the creation)*. It is the first painting that I created this year, the second in my "creation" series of artists at work, and the second painting to use the compositional device of "Girls Night Out". After completing *Girls Night Out*, I had gotten such wondrous response to its composition that I knew I had to do it again. The juices started flowing and inspiration came quickly on the actual narrative with the viewing audience being an actual part of the canvas as it is created. I didn't want to have myself play this artist but instead choose to make myself a witness to the process. I believe this describes me well as I view as much art as I can, and I really enjoy watching others work.

This painting was both a joy and a challenge to paint. A joy because I was really excited about my narrative and I looked forward to my studio time everyday, but a challenge as well because one I am much more versed in painting darker skin tones so that I had to perform several experiments to find the right color mixtures, two because there are quite a few different textures in the scene that I was required to recreate, from the lead artist's shirt, to my jean shorts, to the wooden easels and palette, and thirdly the painting is 30 by 40 and there is always a point in painting such a scale for me where I've gotten all of the big exciting things out of the way and then have to drag myself through not-as-interesting things like the paint blobs. I think that this painting was a success for me and I hope it fares well on the juried-show-circuit. Stay tuned for the next in the series.....

A photograph of Tim Okamura, a man with dark hair and a goatee, wearing a black long-sleeved shirt and a black baseball cap. He is sitting in a red leather armchair with his arms crossed, looking towards the camera. The background is a wall covered in graffiti and large-scale paintings. To his left is a large, dark, textured painting of a person's face and torso. To his right is a red wall with yellow and blue graffiti. The overall atmosphere is artistic and urban.

<http://timokamura.com>

Tim Okamura



Born in Edmonton, Canada, painter TIM OKAMURA earned a B.F.A. with Distinction at the Alberta College of Art and Design in Calgary, Canada before moving to New York City to attend the School of Visual Arts in 1991. After graduating with an M.F.A. in Illustration as Visual Journalism, Okamura moved to Brooklyn, New York, where he continues to live and work.

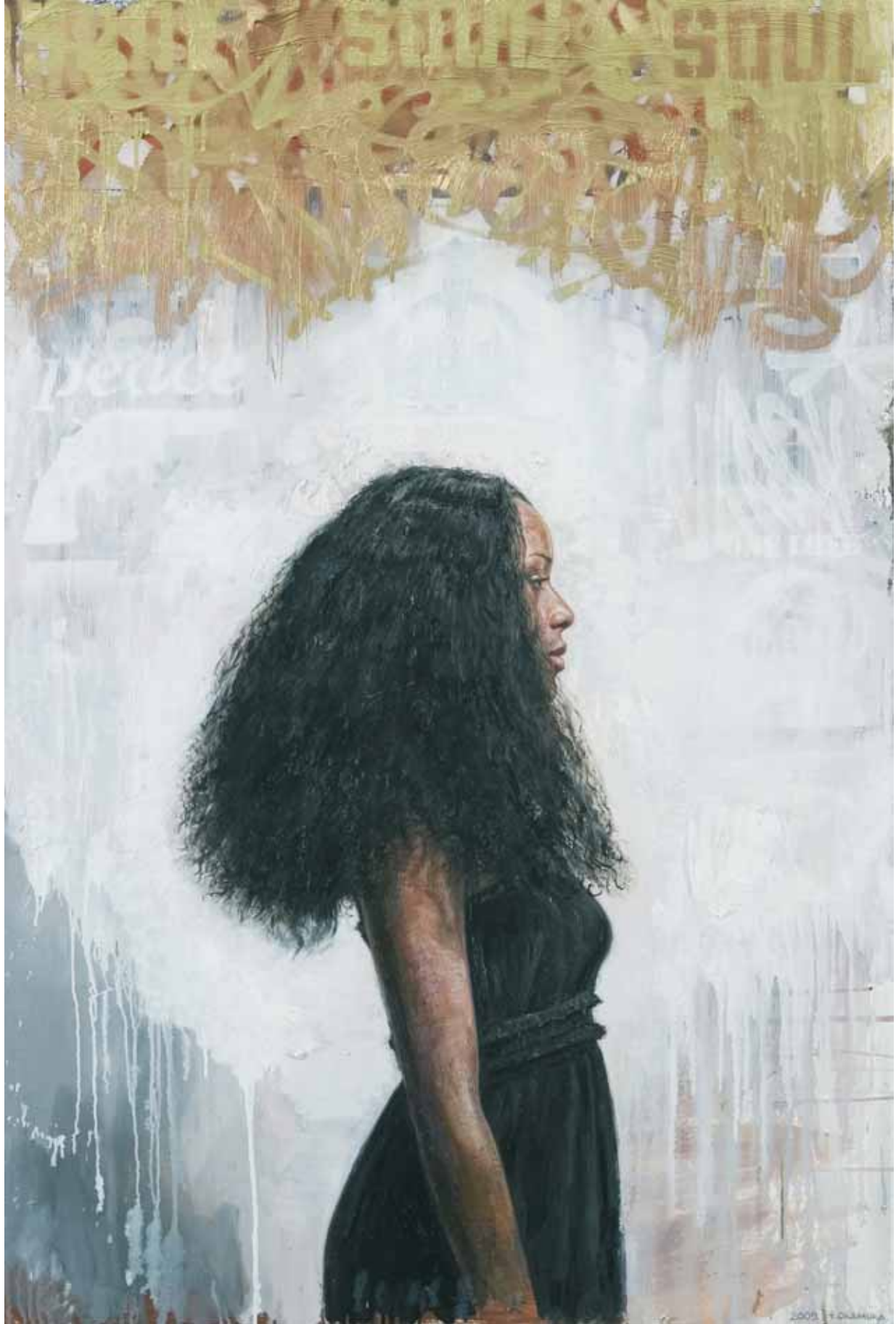
Okamura has had several solo exhibitions in New York City and throughout Canada, and has had his paintings chosen for inclusion in several prominent group exhibitions, including “After Matisse/Picasso” at the Museum of Modern Art affiliated P.S.1 in Queens, N.Y. and “The Gentrification of Brooklyn: The Pink Elephant Speaks” at The Museum of Contemporary African Diasporan Arts in Brooklyn, NY. Additionally, Okamura’s work has been selected seven times to appear in the prestigious BP Portrait Awards Exhibition at London’s National Portrait Gallery.

In 2006, Okamura was short-listed as a candidate to paint Queen Elizabeth by the Royal Surveyor of the Queen’s Pictures.

Okamura - a recipient of the 2004 Fellowship in Painting from the New York Foundation for the Arts – has also had his paintings featured in several feature films including “Pieces of April” (InDiGent), “School of Rock” (Paramount), “Jersey Girl” (Miramax), and most prominently in “Prime” (Universal), a romantic comedy about a young New York painter starring Uma Thurman and Meryl Streep. Okamura’s work is also notable in Ethan Hawke’s screen adaption of the novel “The Hottest State”.

Tim Okamura’s art is on display in the permanent collections of The Alberta Foundation for the Arts, the Toronto Congress Center, the Hotel Arts in Calgary, Canada, and Standard Chartered Bank in London, England; and in the private collections of celebrity clients such as Uma Thurman, musician Ahmir “Questlove” Thompson (The Roots), director Ben Younger, and actors Bryan Greenberg, Vanessa Marcil, Annabella Sciorra, and Ethan Hawke.





TIM OKAMURA

The Crown oil on canvas 40" x 60"



King oil and mixed media on canvas panels 98" x 100"

Q&A TIM OKAMURA

Do you have a ritual you follow before each new work is started?

My ritual involves lots of procrastination - drinking a pot of coffee while checking e-mails, sports scores, maybe a little computer gaming, a couple of phone calls, listen to some music, a couple of push-ups, splash some cold water on my face, and then eventually into the studio.... More often than not, I'm actually pretty excited about a blank canvas, and tend to have visualized a new

piece to a large degree before I begin. I probably just need to distract myself before I start something because once I start it becomes hard to stop until it reaches a certain (hard-to-define) point....

What is your hidden talent?

I guess I would say my involvement in music is a hidden talent. I used to deejay parties, and even had a couple of radio shows (rock and hip-hop) back in college; and I've always



The Peace Queen (Genetaska), [Tim Okamura and The Kidbelo] oil, paint marker 78" x 76"

played guitar and sang in a couple of rock bands in the 90's. One of those bands was close to being signed to a major label, but when the deal fell through I took a pretty long break from it.

Now though, I'm singing with a hard rock band here in New York called Quixote, and working hard to finish a solo record as well. One of the songs I've written that I'm particularly excited about is called "The Compass and the Map", and I was fortunate

to record it with the actor/musician Bryan Greenberg (who is currently in the HBO series 'How to Make it in America'). We have plans to shoot a video for it in the next month or two, so hopefully it will get heard...

What medium have you not used in the past that you may wish to try out?

I think I'd really like to sculpt - maybe try some bronze casting. I recently saw a new show at the British Museum in London



The Black Hole oil and mixed media 66" x 66"

featuring amazing heads and ritual masks sculpted by artists from what was once called the Kingdom of Ife, now modern southwest Nigeria. Incredible sensitivity and detail, very powerful. It reminded me once again that sculpture is something that I think would be a great connection to the paintings, because I love the combination of volumetric form, surface, and emotional power.

How does your family life come into play with

your artistic life?

I'm single and live alone, but I think my family is always in the back of my mind when I'm working. They have definitely given me a solid foundation in terms of emotional – and often financial – support, especially when times were tough. I think it would have been impossible to have gotten through the disappointments and insecurities that plague every artist without them.

I have painted my brother and sister a



Respect oil, collage, mixed media on canvas 72" x 82"

few times – I think the fact that we are half-Japanese also plays into some of the concerns in the work. It is an interesting time when a lot of racial and cultural lines are getting blurred, and my family background definitely influenced how I view the world, and some of my goals as an artist have probably stemmed from that - trying to break down stereotypes, defeat racism, and perhaps be a part of documenting this new global generation.

What supplies must you have in your studio before you start any new piece?

Nothing too unusual: oil paints, thinner, etc.,

spray paint, at least one new brush, coffee, vitamin water, and, if I haven't been too lazy to download something, a new album on my iPod. I've also recently discovered 5 hour energy drink...

I make sure I have pretty big piles of paint on the palette, so I don't have to refresh since I'm usually a little obsessive compulsive about keeping the brush moving when I am blocking in a new painting. If I run out of white, for instance, I'll just keep going with the next lightest value paint on the palette. My underpaintings often end up being a little strange coloristically as a result, but I like to work a bit frantically in the beginning.

“I’m interested in exploring themes of identity, race, culture, and influences of the urban environment through figurative painting that combines classical aesthetics with the iconography of graffiti and street art. My paintings have been primarily portrait-based for the past decade, but are starting to push towards more narrative content, including a recent series that dealt with a “contemporary re-telling” of ancient myths. I’m definitely conscious of celebrating the uniqueness, beauty, and strength of the individual but I also hope to discover through my subjects universally relatable insights into aspects of the human condition.”

TIM OKAMURA

Introspective: *Stay Strong*

I think the initial idea behind this painting was to simultaneously portray a feeling of stoicism, courage, and introspection. In my mind, it was something that these models (my friends Cicely and La Toya) specifically projected, but I also wanted them to function in an iconic way. They are meant to stand defiantly in a time of uncertainty and economic crisis... I wanted to show them resolute even though what lies on the other side of the door is uncertain –shelter, hope, hostility, despair?

Achieving graphic impact, contrast, and balance was the key to this painting. In terms of color, I chose blue for its calming effect while the brownish reds were meant to symbolize passion, or anger, or love. I wanted the graffiti in the painting to both attack the surfaces, and yet when read also support the idea of strength, as is obvious in the stencil above their heads. The bright blue and white graffiti directly behind the figures says “Power”. To me the pillars on either side of the doorway are related to Roman columns and also represent fortitude, even though they are clearly dilapidated.

One thing the painting seemed to need about three quarters of the way through was a sense of movement, and I also wanted to reveal a secret sadness or doubt in the women. A device that I have used before is taken from the idea of “double exposure” on photographic film – repeating a figure or part of a figure - in this case the faces of the models appear again behind them in a passive, downturned position. I felt like this ended up being a good solution for representing some vulnerability in their inner dialogue while their outward stance was in sync with direction of the title, “Stay Strong”.



STAY STRONG



Past Contributor

www.alyssamonks.com



MONKS'S work explores narrative figuration. Currently she is playing with the tension between abstraction and realism in the same work, using different filters to visually distort and disintegrate the body. The islands of steam and water droplets on the glass distort the illusion of the face or figure as the flesh reshapes itself by pushing against the glass. In this shallow painted space, the subject is pushing against our real space with pulsating vibrations of color that can make a painted body seem to have blood pumping through it. Strokes of thick, succulent paint in delicate color relationships are pushed and pulled into place to imitate glass, steam, water and flesh and create a narrative not only in the composition, but in the actual surface as well. The result of this pushing and pulling of realism is a confrontation of the tension between mortality and vitality. Striving for anatomical and realistic accuracy, it is her intention to convey an arresting vision that compels the viewer to feel their own humanness. It is Monks's intent to relate visually the contemporary female experience with sensitivity, empathy, and integrity.

Alyssa Monks earned her MFA in painting from the New York Academy of Art, Graduate School of Figurative Art. She additionally studied at Montclair State College, the New School, and Lorenzo de'Medici in Florence. She completed an artist in residency at Fullerton College. She is Continuing Education Faculty at the New York Academy of Art, where she teaches Flesh Painting. Alyssa has been awarded a Grant for Painting from the Elizabeth Greenshields Foundation three. Monks is participating in two museum shows in 2010 at the Kunst Museum Ahlen, Germany and at the Noyes Museum. She will have two solo shows at DFN Gallery in April and David Klein Gallery in October of 2010, as well as group shows. Alyssa currently lives and works in Brooklyn, NY.



A L Y S S A M O N K S



Past Contributor

www.tonypro-fineart.com



TONY PRO was born in Northridge, CA in 1973. He grew up in Southern California around artists such as his father, Julio (b1929), who was an up and coming artist in the southwest art community. Being the youngest of 4 children, Pro was taken all around the country to some of the countries biggest art shows where he met legends like Jim Bama and Frank McCarthy. As a child, he also visited many studios of famous deceased artists such as E. Irving Couse and Nicolai Fechin.

Pro received his Bachelor of Arts degree in Graphic Design from California State University, Northridge and at the same time attended California Art Institute where he studied with famed illustrator, Glenn Orbik. There he learned the value of academic figure and head drawing and how to apply strict study principles to his craft and, largely, trained himself to paint.

In 2005, Pro was awarded the highly coveted Best of Show award at the 14th Annual Oil Painters of America Show, given by juror, Daniel Gerhartz. That year Pro, also, was one of the TOP 10 finalists of the Portrait Society of America Show in Washington D.C. Also that year, Pro's painting "Mothers Love" was featured on the cover of Southwest Art Magazine, as well as a feature article.

Pro is a guest member of Richard Schmid's Putney Painters and is currently privately teaching master classes in painting. In 2007, Pro started his production company with the production of Jeremy Lipking's first demonstration DVD, The Portrait Sketch.

Pro was just made a Signature Member of the California Art Club, and the paintings features here will be on display at its 99th Annual Gold Medal Show in June of this year. He will also be having a one man show sometime in 2011 in Sarasota Florida at M Gallery of Fine Art.

Currently, Pro lives in Westlake Village with his wife, Elizabeth and 3 children, Ian, William and Ava.



Thoughts of Whistler oil on linen 24" x 18"

Past Contributor

www.alexandratyng.com



Born in Rome, Italy, ALEXANDRA TYNG grew up in Philadelphia and taught herself traditional oil painting techniques by examining the work of the old masters and by watching other artists paint.

Alexandra Tyng is known for her portraits, figurative paintings, and her landscapes of Maine and the Philadelphia area. She has had eight one-person shows and has participated in many group shows. Her work was featured in the March/April issue of O&S (Poets and Artists), and also in The Artist's Magazine, Fine Art Connoisseur, ARTnews, American Artist, International Artist, and Maine Home + Design. In 2006 one of her aerial landscapes was included in a book, The Art of Monhegan, edited by Carl Little and with a forward by Jamie Wyeth. Her work hangs in many public and private collections in the U.S. and abroad. She has received awards from the Portrait Society of America, the Allied Artists of America, the Woodmere Art Museum, and the Art Renewal Center. Alex is also the founder of "Portraits For the Arts," an ongoing philanthropic project that uses the power of portraiture to raise money for the arts in the Philadelphia area.

Gallery Representation:

Fischbach Gallery, New York, NY

Gross-McCleaf Gallery, Philadelphia, PA

Dowling-Walsh Gallery, Rockland, ME

gWatson Gallery, Stonington, ME



Portia: Lead, Silver or Gold oil on linen 40" x 30"

Past Contributor

www.bethedwards.com



BETH EDWARDS was born in Decatur, Alabama in 1960. She received her Bachelor of Fine Arts from Tyler School of Art and her Master of Fine Arts from Indiana University. She has exhibited at the Gallery NAGA in Boston, the Clark Gallery in Lincoln, Massachusetts, the Leonard Tachmes Gallery in Miami, the Tory Folliard Gallery in Milwaukee, the Plus One Plus Two Gallery in London and is represented by the David Lusk Gallery in Memphis. Her work is in numerous public and private collections including the Howard and Judith Tullman Collection in Chicago and the Brooks Museum of Art in Memphis. Her work appeared on the cover of *New American Paintings* in 2001 and again in 2004. In 2009, her work was included in a "New Talent" exhibition at the Scott Richards Gallery in San Francisco. She will have a one person show of her work at the David Lusk Gallery in June of 2010.



www.andreiguruianu.com



ANDREI GURUIANU is a Romanian-born writer living in Vestal, New York. He is the author of three previous collections of poetry: *And Nothing Was Sacred Anymore* (March Street Press, 2009), *Front Porch World View* (Main Street Rag, 2009), *Days When I Saw the Horizon Bleed* (FootHills Publishing, 2006); also author of the chapbooks *Exile* (Big Table Publishing, 2010) and *It Was Like That Once* (Pudding House, 2008). He teaches at Binghamton University where he is also a Ph.D. candidate. In 2009 he worked as guest editor of *Yellow Medicine Review* and edited the anthology “Twenty Years After the Fall” (Parlor City Press). Guruianu is also the founder and executive editor of the literary journal *The Broome Review* (www.thebroomereview.com) and currently serves as the Broome County, NY Poet Laureate 2009-2010.

Introspective: *Self-portrait in a Dusty Diner Spoon*

It would be tempting to say that this poem is about how much things change and yet how much they stay the same. It is indeed how the poem started, though likely by the end it grew beyond its original intent. Most of my poems usually begin with a strong visual element, and in this case it was the image of people carrying groceries in many plastic bags through the streets and public transportation system in Romania. You can see the plastic digging into their palms, the backs and shoulders straining under the burden of kilos of vegetables and plastic bottles of beer. I remember days when I was younger having to carry bags like that home with me after my mother and I waited in long bread lines during the 1980s while Romania was still under communism. It's an image seldom seen in America where almost everyone has cars and especially in suburbia where few things are within walking distance – we throw our bags in the trunk and drive home. No walking, no heavy lifting.

Though much has changed in Romania twenty years after the fall of communism, the scene of people carrying bags through the streets, going home from work or the market, is still quite common. Those are the kinds of small things I notice and that find their way into my poems. From that initial triggering image the poem takes on a life of its own and I simply allow the language to dictate where it wants me to go. In this poem the language leapt somehow to an entirely different continent, South America, which seemed at first a wild association until I realized that I had Robert Bly's book *Leaping Poetry* somewhere in the back of my mind as I was writing. In the book he writes that this sort of artistic leap between conscious and unconscious thought that gets translated on the page is prevalent in the works of European and South American poets. So what is it about our subconscious that connects us? What in our past and present bridges the divide between continents? It seems that there is something out there that is more powerful than time, distance, the artificial separations we place between ourselves as people and as artists – we have a kinship that runs beyond blood, one that we are not even aware of at times.

Self-portrait in a Dusty Diner Spoon

January Sundays; all about me the old streetwise
drift about in second-hand frockcoats
saying nothing keeping burdens to themselves,
a plastic bag in each roughened hand.

Oh, I could tell you histories.
How they smile with roses in their teeth
and go on mirroring themselves
looking down into the ashes of yesterday's urns.

They are fighting over a portion of bad luck.
They will slit your throat for love;
prostitute the word in exchange for a pint.
Cheap whiskey, cheap whiskey, cheap whiskey...

an uneasy laughter that comes in many dialects of pain.
Children who look into an open sky without limits
before it turns into a prison for imagination.
Little money, no trees, no flowers in the city, how it is...

no stars either, blind home without compass—
lost in this old Europe of the soul, no better off.
And South America, a minor leap from one stone to the other,
you are kin to the eternal grave—

see the authentic ferryman bent over bored at his oars.
As we sit here across a cleared table
fixing our hair for death in the reflection of spoons.
Outdoors the dark falling without praise into its body.

Past Contributor

www.wildermuthart.com



JENNIFER WIDERMUTH was born and raised in Wisconsin, where she attended the University of Wisconsin, Madison. She majored in Fine Art Painting and Printmaking and graduated with a Bachelor of Fine Arts in 2001. She then moved to San Francisco, California and attended Graduate School at the Academy of Art University where her focus was Fine Art Figurative Painting. After receiving her Graduate Degree she has chosen to stay in San Francisco, she currently splits her time between teaching Fine Art classes and painting in her studio.

Her recent solo show "Adornments" was held at the Edo Gallery in San Francisco for January and February of 2010. She is also currently representing the United States through the Art in Embassy Program. Her work is displayed at the United States Embassy in Athens, Greece.

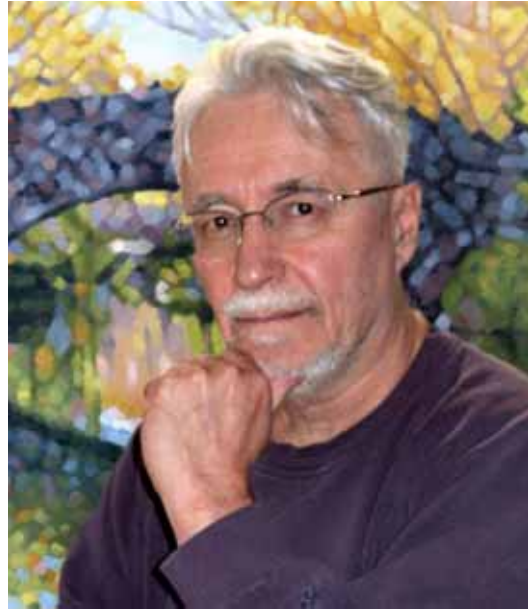




Rose Quartz oil on canvas 11" x 14"

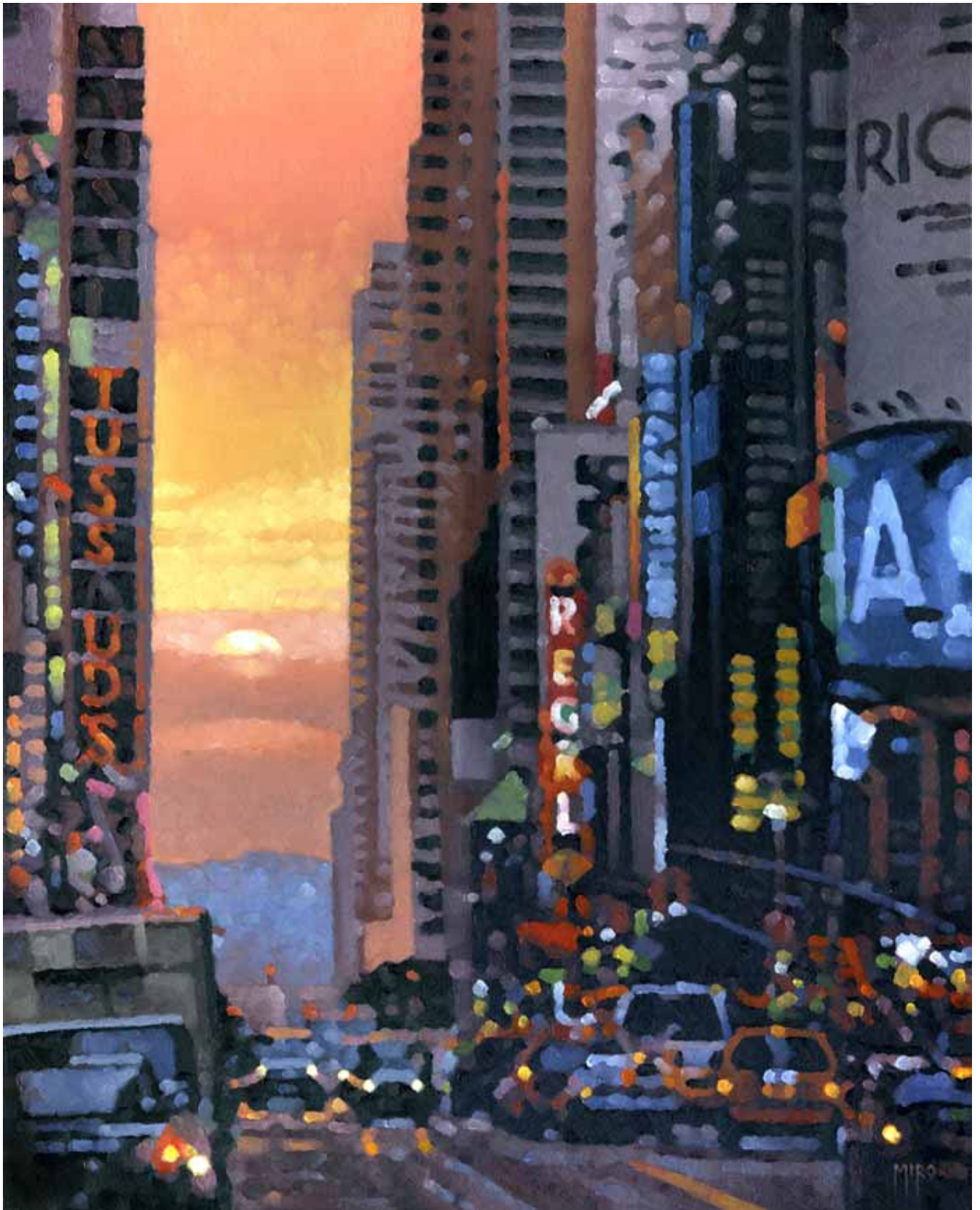
Past Contributor

<http://nyframeofmind.blogspot.com>



In 1985 MIRO SINOVCIC emigrated from his native Croatia to the United States, where he became a busy artist in publishing, advertising and motion pictures. His art has appeared on more than a thousand book covers, and he counts many corporate clients among the Fortune 500 companies. As a fine artist, Miro believes that art, at its best, is seeing life in new and exciting ways, not as rote formula. “Just a wonderful mess and a beautiful noise”, as he puts it. He has held 31 one-man exhibitions and participated in more than a hundred group exhibitions. His paintings of New York can be found in private art collections throughout the world, and he counts many corporate clients among the Fortune 500 companies.

M I R O S I N O V C I C



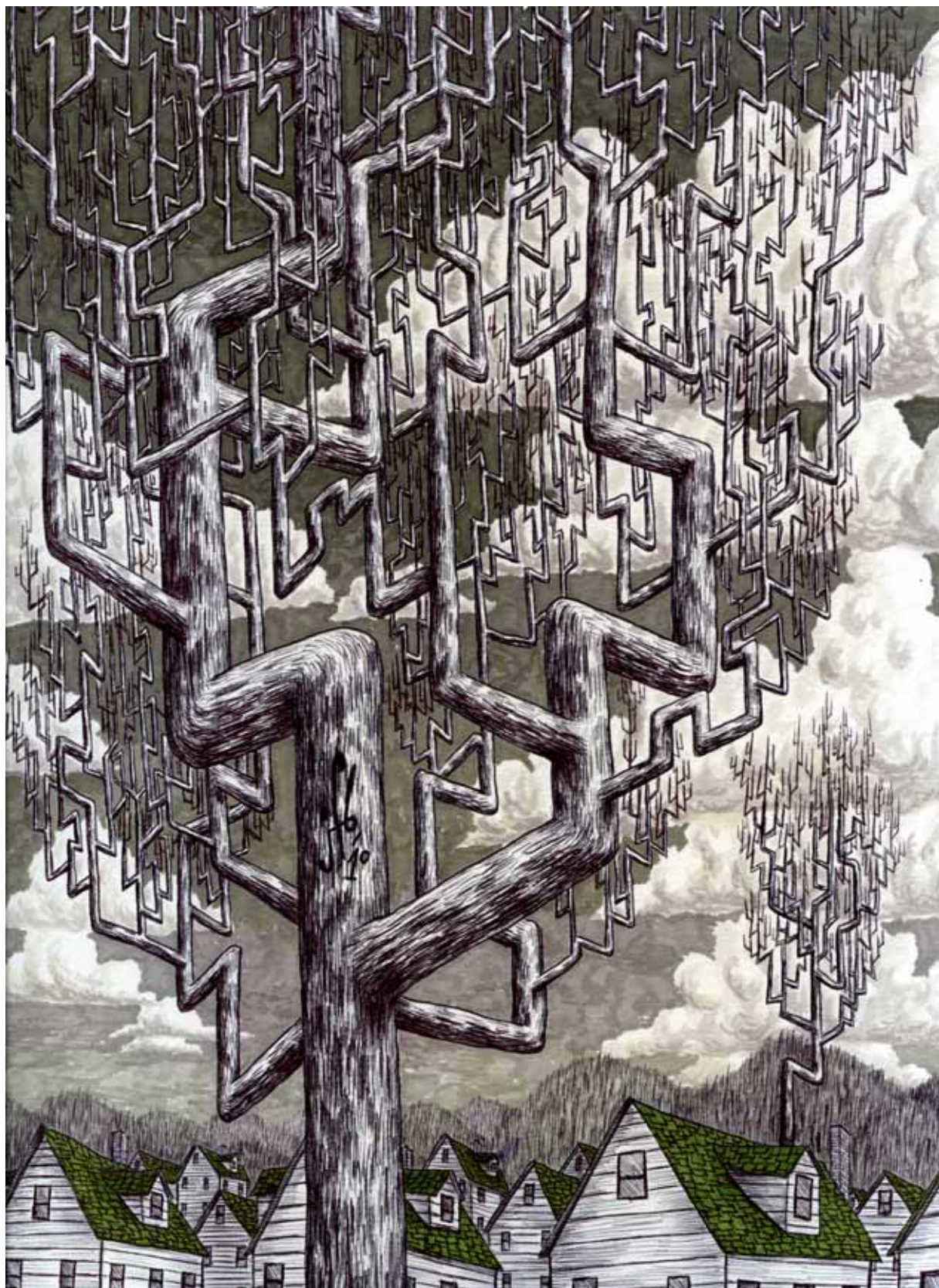
Sunset Over 42nd Street oil on panel 24" x 30"

Past Contributor

www.madbaumer37.deviantart.com



JEREMY BAUM is an artist living in Pittsburgh, contributing to multiple independent publications.



Past Contributor

www.drewernstart.com



DREW ERNST graduated from the acclaimed Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 2002. He is a young modern painter who uses paintings to characterize his reality. Described as a vagabond, Drew takes inspiration from everyplace. He is trying to tap into that unconscious feed of energy in life we can't see, smell or touch. He wants that energy and emotion to be present in his paintings.

"I'm painting full time because it's the only thing I do where I feel truly at home, and home is the only place I want to be."



D R E W E R N S T



www.delettre.org



DELETTRE was born in 1971, he has dual nationality (French and Canadian).

After surviving an accident, Jean-Noël Delettre has had to learn the basics again. Since then, he has been driven to constantly evolve. In 2006, he took advantage of a long stay in the Alps submerging himself in the sensations that surrounded him from the wild lands and shapes. He now invites us to get closer to his subject. With lights on peaks, Jean-Noël Delettre invents a rhythm and creates a multiple vibration in which the material flows and colour becomes space. In 2009, his first major personal exhibition will allow him to assert his intimate and expressive language.

At present, in a more human context Jean-Noël Delettre creates sensitive "portraits" which reveal the different people he meets: bodies in situations which characterize them, reality or fiction, movements, lightings...

A personal exhibition is planned from November 25th till December 18th, 2010 in the "PONS Gallery" in Lyon, France.

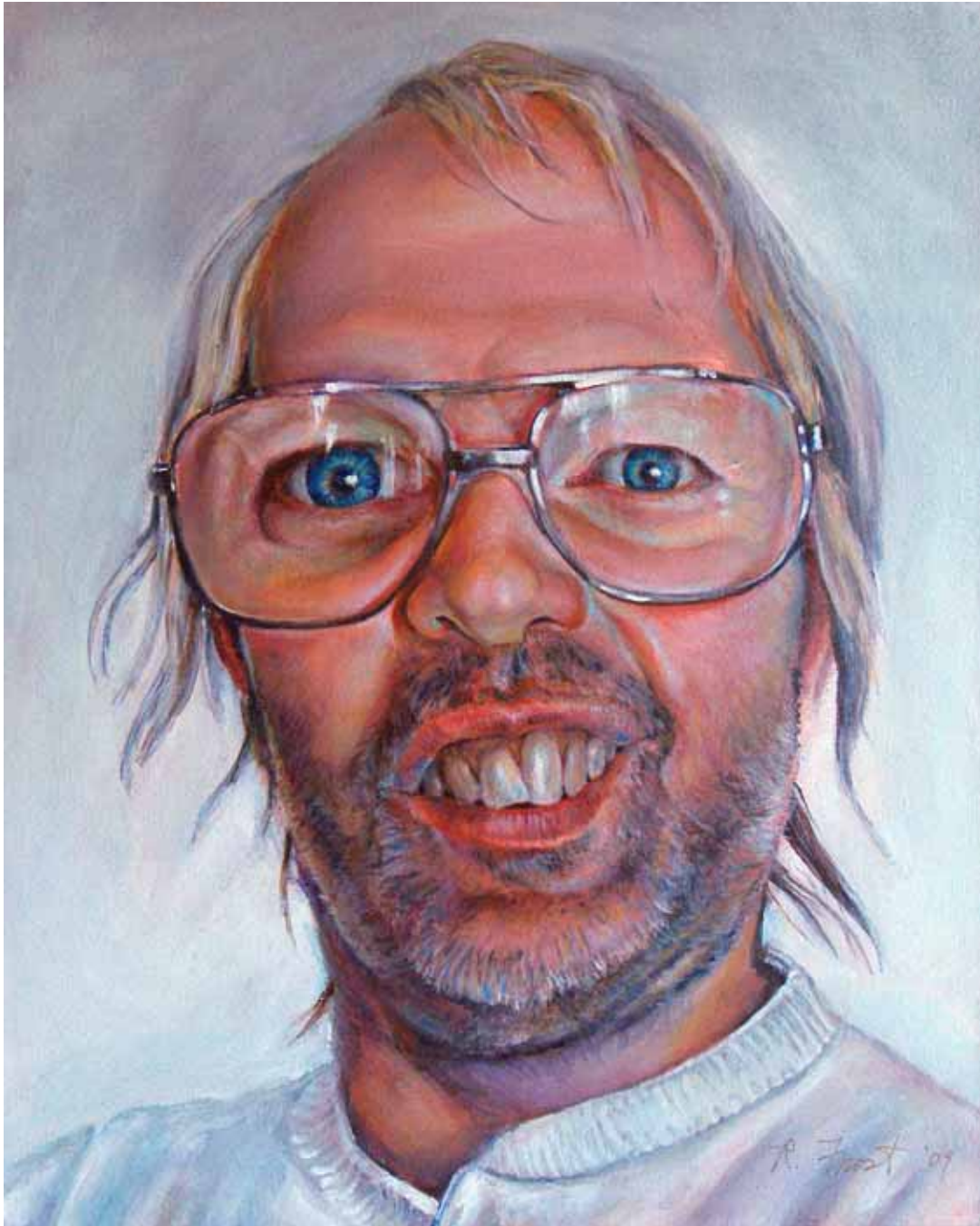
There was already a physical touch in his painting of mountains. For this new theme period it appears clearly that the painter loves sharing his energy and his life experiences (evocation of a scene or a proposition of action).



Past Contributor

www.richardjfrost.com

RICHARD J. FROST is a portrait artist that deals in tweaked realism. He graduated from Otis/Parsons in 1990 and resides in Los Angeles.



RICHARD J. FROST



www.poetsandartists.com

publishing as an art form